The Saturday Evening Post.

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BLUE BIRDS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MAYDEW.

Hark! and hear the blue birds sing
Happy chorus—all together!
Warbling welcomes to the Spring
In this golden April weather—
Flitting by on gladsome wing.

Through the cedar branches high
Back and forth they fly and flutter,
And the zephyrs softly sigh—
Heeding not the things they utter:
April's here, and Summer's nigh."

Pipe and sing—oh! blue-birds gay—
While the April blooms are smiling!
In the distance—far away—
Untold splendors, all beguiling,
Glow and gleam from day to day.

Through the meadows—o'er the hill—
Float your warblings, sweet and tender;
Ah! what hopes our bosoms thrill,
Hopes of love and joy and splendor—
As we listen to your trill.

MILDRED;

OR,

Saved by Hydrophobia.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

THE ALARM.

CHAPTER I.

THE CRY.

I am going to tell my own history, and I am so unused to forming my thoughts into words that it will be a strange, disjointed one, I fear. I lived at Elmswood House—a large school for girls—holidays and all, for I can't think how many years. I came there first with my mother—a very little girl. I can remember her parting with me, and I think she looked pale and delicate, though that may be because I know she was ailing then, and died shortly afterward, for I never saw her again. I was a studious girl, because I was told it was my duty to be so. I cannot recall the exact time when Miss Bradford, the principal of the establishment first explained my position to me, but I knew it very early in life, and I used to think to myself every night "I must work earnestly so as to be fitted to begin when the time comes." The little my mother had to leave secured me an education till I was sixteen, and Miss Bradford had promised to receive me as an assistant when that period of life was passed. As a child, I played but little with others, for a consciousness of being unlike them in position was always upon me, and I feared to lose time in frolic.

"You have no friends or relations to appeal to, Mildred," Miss Bradford would say. "Unlike the other girls, everything depends on yourself; you are the arbiter of your own fate, and I am glad to see that you have acquired a stability of character which promises well for your future."

To deserve this praise then appeared to me the object of my existence, and for this I strove. Year after year passed by; pupils came and went, and I trudged along my own path; study, study, study until my sixteenth birthday came, and I took my place as a teacher. It was a great relief in one sense, for my duties were not wearisome, and I had passed the ordeal I had looked forward to with awe, and actually entered life.

When my work was over for the day, and I had closed the school-room door and gone up into my own little room that had been mine for so many years, I used to sit down by the window and think a little. Ever since I could remember, when a pupil departed, after bidding her good-by, I had run up there to watch the carriage roll out of the avenue into the road, and then dash away into the wide world where I had never been and never could go. Now I began to wonder about it, and used to fall to dreaming with my chin upon my hands, my elbows on the window-sill, and my eyes fixed on the blue sky that glinted through the trees in the avenue.

I was sitting thus one night—it was nearly sunset in the autumn time, and the mists were coming winding up off Ridgely Moor—when what I am going to relate befell me. I had been thinking of Helen Fotheringham, a beautiful girl who had been a pupil of Miss Bradford, the news of whose brilliant wedding she had just received. I was trying to picture to myself the bridal, as I had heard it described, the veil, the wreath, the sweeping train; and then there mingled with all this a sort of unconscious wonder as to who the gentleman might be that I had seen arrive in a carriage an hour or two before, and who was still closeted with Miss Bradford. I had not moved for so long that I had become cold and numb, and the sudden consciousness of twilight being spent, and night, dusky and dark closing in, made me start and turn from the window into my sombre room that seemed full of crowding shadows.

I must have been thinking more earnestly than I imagined, for the darkness dazed me, and I paused for an instant confounded as to where the little table was on which my lamp stood. In another moment I had reached it, and was passing my hand carefully over it to find the little match-safe, when I heard my own name spoken in a voice that I knew, or seemed to know, and in a strangely warning tone. The single word, "MILDRED"—that was all. But it was something which I cannot describe—the way in which it was uttered—that frightened me. The shuddering start I gave in answer to it left me with the feeling that I had stood on the brink of some frightful chasm, and but for the cry that stayed me I had been in another moment dashed to atoms. I listened awestruck for an instant.

It did not come again, and with a terrible feeling upon me I caught up my lamp, shaking so that I could scarcely strike the match, lighted it, and looked around me. There was no one there. The little bolt that fastened all the doors at Elmswood was shot across mine as I had left it. I opened my closet door that fastened with a spring catch and found nothing disturbed within. The table where I stood was just beside my bed. I parted the light curtains, tremblingly looked, and found nothing.

Then the emptiness of my room, and the strange echo of that entreating word "Mildred!" struck such a terror in my heart, that I dropped my lamp—tore my door open, and rushed out into the darkened hall. A light at the farthest end, carried by some one coming towards me, made me pause. I had never been so excited before in my life. I was shivering from head to foot, but when I saw that the lady who approached me was Miss Bradford, habit and discipline were so strong in me that I controlled myself and stood back quietly for her to pass. She came directly towards me, and paused with such an odd expression on her face, and something so unusual in her manner, that flurried and beside myself as I was, I could not fail to see it.

"Will you please come down to the parlor with me, Miss Tyrrell; there is a gentleman there who has something of importance to say to you?"

She repeated this with a formal ceremony that was the stranger as she had never before addressed me by any other name than Mildred.

She turned, and I followed her without speaking.

Mixed with my former fright, the surprise of being sent for to hear anything of importance—I, who had nothing to lose or gain, whose life was measured and ruled before me without event or change—was enough to shake me. I entered the parlor unsteadily, and the lighted girandoles standing on a table strewn with papers, threw such a glare on a gentleman seated there, that his figure became wavering and uncertain in it.

"Miss Tyrrell," he said, rising.

I bowed, and feeling rather than seeing that some one had placed a chair for me, I took hold of it, but his words arrested me ere I could be seated.

"I am happy, my dear young lady, in bringing you the news of good fortune—the very good fortune that has befallen you. You have proved to be the grandniece of Robert Tyrrell, of Tyrrell Cliffe, deceased, and are undoubted heiress of a very ample and unincumbered estate."

As he ceased speaking, everything seemed to suddenly recede from me. I could still hear and see, but between me and the lights the speaker seemed to swell to an interminable distance. The candles shone in a pinkish mist or maze, and the voices sounded as if half deadened by the noise of falling water. There was a little hurry and bustle around me. Things were coming nearer and growing more steady; and some one near me said:—"A glass of wine, quick; her hands are like ice, and her whole body is cold."

I was lying on the carpet, and half the household were bending over me; of falling then I had no consciousness, but the unusual sense of such a position came to my aid, and I rose trembling, and confused, and sank into a chair.

The oddness of Miss Branford's holding a glass of wine to my lips terrified me, and with the start came the knowledge of my altered position. An heiress—the thought was too strange, too impossible to grasp or realize; and in endeavoring to understand it, I lost my own identity. It seemed to be some one entirely apart from me, to whom the strange gentleman addressed his apologies and explanations.

"I was wrong," he said, "to use so little consideration in my announcement, but we are pressed for time—and in the hour or two which I was obliged to spend in looking over papers in Miss Bradford's possession, she spoke of you as such a remarkably self-reliant young lady, that I actually forgot what was due to your youth and seclusion. I beg your pardon. And now," he turned to Miss Bradford, "pray let there be as little delay as possible. We are to meet your relative and guardian, Miss Tyrrell, at Tiverton, at eight. We have six good miles before us, and we have lost time already."

In the dizzy state into which I had fallen, I turned to Miss Bradford.

"Everything is ready," she returned; "Miss Tyrrell's trunk and dressing-case are in the carriage, and here are her cloak and wrappings."

"Ah, that's well," said he, "we can be off then at once."

I thanked Miss Bradford, and dressed hurriedly. All my actions were under my control; it was only my thoughts that I could not command.

"Accept my congratulations, and write, if we have neglected or forgotten anything. The carriage is close to the hall-door. Mr. Jennings, my compliments to Miss Tyrrell's friends; and I am proud and happy to see my former pupil raised to rank and wealth. She is in every way fitted to adorn both."

We were in the open air now. The night wind was blowing on me, and I looked back into the hall with its crowd of eager, surprised faces—scholars, teachers, servants, and all—watching my departure. Scarcely a word was spoken.

I had pressed the hands held out to me, but I could say nothing. "I shall be all right again, when this excitement is past," I thought. "My only hope now is to collect myself sufficiently to follow this gentleman's instructions."

Not waiting for me to mount, he lifted me into the carriage, sprang in himself, drew up the steps and closed the door.

As we dashed down the avenue, I turned quickly to look at Elmswood. From the window of my room gleamed the faint light of the lamp I had dropped on the table in leaving it; and then the thought of the strangeness of my never entering it again, rose suddenly before me like the ghost from which the awful warning cry had come.

CHAPTER II.

THE SON.

Before we reached Tiverton, Mr. Jennings explained to me in a plain, concise way, which I tried to follow and understand, that the gentleman who awaited us there, was Mr. Ralph Tyrrell, my distant relation, and now guardian. That he had been the supposed heir of my grand uncle, my existence having been unknown until within the past few months. That he and his mother resided at the Cliffe, which had always been their home, and that there they would receive me as their ward.

"Is it far away?" I asked. "I mean Tyrrell Cliffe, where I am going to live?"

"To the seaward," he replied. "Not far; but you will remain here all night with your maid that Mrs. Tyrrell has sent. Your guardian intends starting early, which would have made Elmswood inconvenient."

As he spoke, we stopped opposite a large open doorway, from which streamed a brilliant light, and ascending a large flight of steps found ourselves in a large passage, with rooms on either hand filled with gentlemen smoking and reading newspapers.

"This way if you please, miss," said a young woman, who suddenly appeared and ushered us up-stairs.

"I shall have the pleasure of waiting on you in an hour, accompanied by Mr. Tyrrell," said Mr. Jennings; "meantime I hope you will find everything comfortable."

He bowed and left me at the door of a small parlor, which I entered and found a cheerful fire burning, a cloth laid on a little table before it, and to my extreme confusion a neat, pretty looking girl, who courtesied to me, saying:

"Mrs. Tyrrell sent me with her compliments to wait upon you, miss."

There was something so smart and tasteful about the dress and air of this young person, that I was quite abashed in my plain brown frock before her, but I tried to remember about the change in my position now, and said,

"Thank you, she is very thoughtful. What shall I call you?"

"My name is Eunice, miss," she returned, and quietly set about taking my things, making tea and waiting on me in such an unobtrusive way, that I was not at all frightened and it seemed quite natural.

Sitting by the fire, in a nice easy chair, with a pleasant warmth glowing over everything, and my pretty maid flitting around, making occupation for herself about my meagre toilette that really astonished me, I found it quite as impossible to think quietly and reasonably as I had before. It was all a dream to me, and I myself sitting there in an inn parlor at Tiverton, where I had only been once before in my whole life, was the most unreal thing about it. I had finished my cup of tea; I had tried to swallow a bit of toast with it, and found it utterly impossible, when some one knocked at the door. Eunice opened it. I had, forgetting her, risen to do so, and was standing, when a gentleman came in and paused, bowing before me.

"It's Mr. Tyrrell," said Eunice.

I had glanced at him in surprise before she spoke, for I looked for my guardian with Mr. Jennings, and had no idea that this was he. He was a small man with handsome eyes, a close beard and the clearest olive complexion I ever saw. I caught this at my first glance; for as he advanced smiling, he looked at me so keenly I dropped my eyes, and greeted him in a confused, bashful way, that I fear was very awkward. He took my hand as he spoke in the easiest, quietest way, and seated himself beside me, without a shadow of constraint about his smiling mouth and clear, searching eyes. I think I became more timid, and tried in vain to quell the fluttering of my heart and trembling of my limbs while I stammered a few words in reply.

"My cousin Robert's death was a sad shock to my mother; she needs sympathy and kindness, and your society will be a blessing to her. Our journey will be a somewhat hurried one," he continued, "but it will give her such delight to see you, that I have ventured to anticipate your assent to an early hour in the morning. We will start at six."

He was thoroughly polite and deferential in what he said, but the possibility of ever differing from anything he might propose never entered my mind. There was something about him that I have no words to describe. He was not commanding nor imperious; on the contrary there was a studied gentleness in his voice and manner; but it implied no appeal or resistance. My will became as wax before him. His watchful eye seemed to arrest my incipient thought, and all power save listening and assenting left me. He stayed a few minutes, speaking of casual things, such as the road we should take to Tyrrell Cliffe, the hour at which I should be called, and how long we should be going. He made no allusion to my past life, or the suddenness of my elevation to fortune, but seemed to waive it all away with one of his handsome white hands when I named Miss Bradford incidentally.

"By-the-way"—he was holding the door-handle as he spoke—"Mr. Jennings left his compliments; he was obliged to return to London. He is our solicitor, and you will see him again, I presume."

It was quite late now, but smooth and pleasant as my maid had made my pillow, I could find no rest on it. One moment I was with my class in the old school-room, the next I was hurrying along the road with the lawyer. Now my name rang in my ears, uttered in that wild, beseeching cry, and then I lay in the drawing-room, stunned and dizzy with the strange words "undisputed heiress," slowly resolving their meaning to my mind. Eunice, whose existence I was constantly forgetting and remembering again with confusion, had wrapt herself up on the sofa by my door, ready to call me, and I had just begun to mingle Tyrrell Cliffe and Elmswood with my dead mother and my grand uncle whom I had never seen, in an incomprehensible way, when I was startled by her presence at my bedside, holding a light in her hand, and warning me that it was half-past five. To spring up, with all the distracting confusion of my dream upon me, and hurry on my clothes was but a few moment's work with Eunice's aid, and after swallowing a cup of coffee I was ready in answer to my guardian's knock and followed him, lighted by a waiter through the dark passage to the door where we found the carriage waiting.

"You possess no common fortitude, my dear cousin, in starting so early this bleak morning," said Mr. Tyrrell, as he handed me into the coach. "Allow me to commend so admirable a trait."

Eunice, who followed me stumbled slightly, and I stretched out my hand to assist her. He took it, bowed low, and begging me to present his remembrances to his mother, closed the carriage door, and stood bowing on the inn steps, hat in hand as we rolled away.

For an instant I looked inquiringly at Eunice, then fearing to compromise the dignity of my new relatives by questioning her, I hastily arranged my cloak about me and tried to think how foolish my constant surprise at trifles was, after so great and strange an event as a complete change in my life's plans and prospects.

CHAPTER III.

THE MOTHER.

Night had fallen dark and heavily; great misty gusts swept by me, and I was half-blinded by the biting sleet that dashed furiously in my face as I ascended the massive stone steps of what seemed to me like the gloomy castle of some olden story.

We had journeyed with but an hour's rest the livelong day. I was so weary towards twilight that I had dropped asleep, and the sudden stopping of the coach, with the rattle of opening the door and letting down the steps aroused me. The chilling cold scattered every shadow of slumber, and in a moment more I stood in the middle of a large brilliantly lighted hall, with doors opening on either side, and a broad polished staircase at the further end.

"This way, Miss Mildred," said Eunice; "Mrs. Tyrrell seldom walks; she is very infirm, and I will show you to her room."

I followed her up the broad steps until we reached a second hall, large and lighted like the first. The doorways were all arched and carved, and the woodwork was dark and highly polished. At one of these we paused, Eunice holding the door open. I entered. It was a great and grandly furnished chamber. I had never seen anything like it, and I was glad when my maid left me to announce our arrival, lest I should in her presence betray my astonishment and surprise.

At the upper end was an alcove, draped with rich lace, and in it stood a curious old bedstead, massive and quaintly carved; it caught my eye just as I crossed the threshold, and I stood looking at it, partly because it was unlike any other portion of the furniture which was all of the newest and richest pattern. The brilliant carpet seemed never to have felt a footstep before, and my feet sank in it like walking upon a bed of gorgeous flowers. The sweeping curtains, tall, gilded mirrors, graceful couches, and delicate inlaid tables, all had an air of freshness that contrasted strangely with it. It seemed to belong to the past, and to be thrown by some strange chance against which it appealed by fixing my attention, and coming before me, even when seated at

my dressing-table, with Eunice arranging my hair, I was obliged to turn and look at it again. She answered my look.

"It is very old, miss," she said, "and was built in the alcove. This room has never been used before since I have been at the Cliffe, and when they fitted it up they found it impossible to remove it."

Mrs. Tyrrell was waiting for me, and I hastened to go down. I had no dress which was at all suitable to my new circumstances, but I do not think this annoyed me, though I remember choosing the best I had—which was a blue merino—and I carefully arranged my neatest collar and cuffs before entering the drawing-rooms. The elegance of my own apartment had accustomed me to the magnificence which met me there, and I think I walked quite steadily and quietly up to an elderly lady seated by the hearth, with a screen in her hand, over which she regarded me curiously. She sat quite still a moment, looking at me steadily, and then without rising held out her hand.

"I knew your mother, Mildred," she said, "and you are very like her; not quite so handsome, though. Sit here."

I did so, and being directly before her, felt her curious eyes reading me again, so I scarcely dared to think how very like her son *she* was.

"When I saw your mother last," she continued, "she sat where you sit now, just twenty years ago. She was an orphan, your grand uncle, Robert Tyrrell, was her guardian. She had been in France at school, and visiting her there—he was nearly forty then—he proposed to marry her and make her mistress here. At Robert's invitation I came to Tyrrell Cliffe to meet her and arrange the wedding. His nephew, Captain Gerald Tyrrell, was staying with him too. They led a gay life for a month, at the end of which the wedding was to be. Your mother was the wildest girl I ever saw, and one of the most beautiful. She might have been a happy woman, but the night before she was to marry your uncle she eloped with his nephew. She had a strange power of dissembling," here she quickly glanced at me with her eye; "and no one suspected it. As I said before, she sat where you do now, the night before, re-twining her orange wreath, which did not suit her as it was, and we talked together of the morrow. She deceived me, for when the alarm was given in the morning I would not believe her gone. She had little happiness in her life, and died young, as you know. Robert Tyrrell never forgot her, but your father he would never see. Well, he's dead too. I knew them all, and your face brings them all back again. There's something of your father in you too."

She murmured this to herself, as in answer to her bell, a servant brought a tray and spread a table at her side.

"We sup here, Mildred," she explained, "it is very difficult for me to move about. What did Ralph say to you?"

She said this so quickly that I was taken by surprise, and began:

"Mr. Tyrrell desired me to say—" but she interrupted me with—

"No, no, not Mr. Tyrrell—Cousin Ralph, Cousin Ralph."

"My Cousin Ralph wished me to present his respects to you, madam," I said, "that is all."

"He said no more? Well, that was wise and delicate, and very thoughtful, very thoughtful." She repeated this, watching me as she had done from the first.

I began to feel that there was something I did not know, and I felt, whatever it might be, I was completely in their power. Both mother and son had this in common that listening to them was assenting; and they intercepted every thought of mine. After seeming so odd and abrupt she became cordial and chatty, and talked freely, but always as if I had been born at Tyrrell Cliffe, and knew no other home.

To my life with Miss Bradford she made no allusion, but of its monotony and seclusion she seemed aware, for bidding me good-night, she said: "Of course, Mildred, the establishment will give you no trouble; according to your uncle's wishes everything shall be conducted as heretofore. He was a wise, far-seeing man, and knowing the impossibility of your having seen anything of life, or having any fixed plan or bias, he has cared well for your future. Your mother was more beautiful, but not so sensible as you are."

Alone in my chamber I began to weigh her words, and it seemed my mother's folly, my want of beauty, and some unexplained project for my future, had been the undercurrent for them all. It may be very strange, but it was certainly true that I had never before thought about myself as handsome or otherwise. It had nothing to do with my school life. Neatness in dress, precision of manner, I had acquired because they were necessary; but beauty was entirely out of the question. I fastened my door, and standing before a large mirror examined my face and figure eagerly. I was tall, much taller than other girls of my age, and for the first time felt myself handsome. "Mrs. Tyrrell thinks me vain and silly, and this is the way she has taken to correct such follies." I tried to explain it thus, as I laid to myself wearily on the old bedstead that had attracted my attention when I first entered the room. I slept almost as soon as my head touched the pillow, and woke next morning bright and rested, and with a consciousness of not being in a dream, and that the grandeur and elegance surrounding me was really mine.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SPECTRE!

I had been at Tyrrell Cliffe six months, and so changed was life and all it contained to me, that I almost dated my existence from coming there. We lived a lonely life and saw little society, so that of the world and its gayeties I knew nothing. It was the change, the free air, the books, the music and the beautiful objects around me that I revelled in. I had become a horsewoman, and followed by a trusty groom, dashed over the country-side for miles—sometimes on sunny days I would wander along the sea-beach, and when I looked into my mirror I saw the change my joyous life had wrought in me, giving me health and color and a sparkle to my eyes.

Of Elmswood I retained no impression, so distinct as my terror at the unexplained and mysterious sounds I had heard there. I had never named it to Mrs. Tyrrell. She was not a person to confide in, and although I often shudderingly recalled it, I think the entire change in everything about me lessened the dread I had felt at first. My evenings were always passed in the drawing-room with Mrs. Tyrrell. I read to her constantly while she wrought with worsted and floss interminable legends on framed canvas. I never saw any one to whom employment seemed so necessary. Listening to me she would stitch, stitch, and if I heard her needle cease a moment, in looking up, I would find her watching me with a strange intentness that seemed to baffle every thought of mine.

I do not know when the idea first came to me that I was meant to marry my guardian, for it had never yet been spoken of in plain words; but it mingled with everything and had become to me an inevitable fate. Perhaps my submissive life, with its fixed line of duty, made this an easy task to Mrs. Tyrrell; that it had been her plan from the first, and that I had been watched into it, talked into it and prepared for it in every way, I knew as well as I knew that I had neither power nor will to circumvent her. He had not been at the Cliffe since my coming there, though for a month past he was looked for at any moment, and I found myself listening with eagerness to every sound that was like the rolling of wheels as we sat together in our long evenings. To talk to his mother was like going to school to learn his tastes and fancies, for directly or indirectly he was always her theme.

When my first morning dresses were ordered for me she said, "You will have the skirts full of course; Ralph admires flowing trains." And thus it was in everything, until habit, that had always ruled me, declared him the arbiter of my life. That my heart had never been questioned in this I knew; that feeling had nothing to do with it and circumstances everything was perfectly plain to me; but that it could be otherwise never suggested itself, and I think I was quite content.

Thus it stood, when after a long, quiet evening in the drawing-room I rose wearily and bade Mrs. Tyrrell good-night. I had been riding in the fresh March wind all the morning, and was so completely tired that I lost my place and let the book drop half a dozen times, and now stood yawning drearily as I lighted my bed-room candle.

"Mildred"—I was at the door, but something in the tone brought me back directly—"Ralph will be with us to-morrow, and as I think you thoroughly understand each other, all silly embarrassment is entirely out of the question I hope."

To attempt blushing confusion about what appeared to me simply a part of the wealth I had inherited, never entered my mind, and Mrs. Tyrrell continued—

"Of course, as it was your uncle's wish, obedience to it is your duty. You are a sensible girl, and I am very happy in knowing that Ralph will find in you an excellent wife."

These words were the very first we had ever spoken directly on the subject. I knew it all, and had no idea but submission; still the thought, "Ralph's wife," struck me strangely, and sent a shivering thrill through my heart that I could not control.

She rose from her chair. I had never seen her do so before without aid, and stepping tremblingly towards me, took my hand, drew my face down to her and kissed me. Instantly a wild desire to throw myself upon her bosom and cry with my whole soul, "Love me, oh! love me," seized me like insanity; and struggling with it, I found myself shuddering and choking convulsively; but she tottered back again, and sat smiling at me, saying:

"Well, well, it will be Mrs. Ralph soon, and I shall be nobody then."

Eunice had been sick for a day or two with a slight fever, and reaching my room I found Mrs. Tyrrell's maid waiting for me.

"I shall not need you to-night," I said, and locked the door as she left the room. Returning, I threw myself upon a sofa near the hearth and fell to thinking. But the spring breezes and my long ride were too strong for me, despite my excitement, and I dropped asleep.

A bitter sense of cold, which made me ache and shiver, startled me, and I sat up rubbing my eyes with a feeling of dreary stupor upon me. The fire had sunk into a bed of glowing coals that seemed to spread no warmth through the great chilly chamber. I threw fresh wood upon it and sat down at my dressing-table, unfastened my hair, and commenced unbraiding it for the night.

Surely something more than sleep was weighing on me, for my hands dropped wearily at my side, and with my heavy eyes fixed on my own faint image in the glass before me, I sat in a numb, half-conscious state, from which I had no power to rouse myself. Slowly and fearfully my eyes opened wide and became glued to the mirror in a wild terror that thrilled me to the soul and bound me motionless. A face, a woman's face that I had never seen before, looked into it, and her reflected form bent over me and seemed to touch me. It was only for an instant. Had it been longer, the horrible fright that filled me would have driven me mad. Yet in that instant it seemed to burn into my brain never to be forgotten. A young face, and white and distorted as it seemed, a face that had been beautiful! The hair that fell about it in a frightfully disordered way, in some mad passion had been wrenched out in handfuls: the dress was torn, and hung from the scarred shoulders in tattered ribbons; agony and violence were written on both face and form, and in my soul swelled the unspoken question, "Oh God! what is it?" The thin, blue-tinted lips seemed to form themselves into a single word in answer; then suddenly the mirror showed me only my own horror-stricken eyes. The power that held me down was gone, and springing to my feet I rushed to the door, when I saw the figure clear and distinct before me, just within the alcove and close beside my bed, one hand upon my pillow and the other stretched towards where I stood. The ghastly eyes were on me, and they seemed to fasten me, for my hand held the lock, yet I could not turn it. I tried to shriek, but my jaws were locked and rigid. I could only see, and looking I beheld the figure with her outstretched hand held towards me, motioning me to look at it, and with the other pointing to my own pillow, while her lips were always shaping that one unspoken word.

Then as impalpably as I have seen a moorland mist dissolved in sunlight, this thing, this horror sunk away among the drapings of my bed, and I was out in the great unlighted hall, flying like a mad creature to where the late moon began to shine through the gothic windows on the staircase.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ One of the latest achievements of science is feeling a patient's pulse by telegraph. The beats of the pulse are transmitted by a doctor with one hand on the patient's wrist and the other on the telegraph key.

☞ A servant in a family at Bangor, Me., has saved since September, 1848, at a salary of $1 per week, $1,000.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, April 15, 1871.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We design commencing in a few weeks the new story by Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," &c.—the advance sheets of which we have purchased from Mrs. Wood.

News Agents will please bear in mind this story, for which the popularity of the author of "East Lynne" will doubtless cause a large demand.

Mrs. Hosmer's Story.

We commence in the present number an original story by Margaret Hosmer, entitled

MILDRED;

OR,

Saved by Hydrophobia.

This story, which is a strange and interesting one, will run through three or four numbers of THE POST.

☞ We call the attention of our readers to the interesting sketch, by the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of the territory through which the Northern Pacific Railroad is now being built.

OUR LETTERS.

S. M. H. S., of Rondout, N. J., says:—

"I have taken THE POST for 18 years, and would give up every other paper before giving it up."

Miss A. K., of Lancaster, Texas, says:—

"We are taking two other papers, but are not satisfied with them, and I have concluded that I cannot do without the dear old POST."

L. C. F., of Lithopolis, Ohio, says:—

"I think THE POST is one of the best family papers I have ever seen. It is my choice out of ten or fifteen leading papers which I have examined. My wife says she would as soon do without eating a while as do without THE POST."

W. M. H., of Bergers Store, Va., says:—

"I have been a constant and delighted reader of THE POST for some time, and whenever it fails to come there is a real disappointment. All the numbers are important, but the coming one is always the most important."

J. W. C., of Millgrove, Ind., in sending on an additional club, says:—

"The more THE POST is read and circulated in this vicinity, the more popular it becomes."

BALDNESS IN YOUNG MEN.

BY RUFUS PEET.

My head is, at 74, covered by an unimpaired wig of nature's bestowment. It is no longer a graceful brown as in the days of my youth, but it affords as much comfort as it ever did. "My head is silvered o'er, not gray." I fail, as a consequence, of being able to present "the lofty Shakesperian brow," but, having studied the science of phrenology, I am comforted by the knowledge that men and women can think and reason when their heads and even their faces are covered by hair, equally as well as if bald by untimely loss of hair, or as if their locks had been changed (as I have frequently known) by the razor.

I think my habits of life would be of great value to all young persons. I was never once drunk. I use no stimulating drinks or drugs. I use plain but nourishing food. I am not a vegetarian. I eat what my nature and the laws of health seem to recognize. In short, I have been "temperate in all things."

I have for many years wet my head with cold water soon after rising from my bed. My head has ached but little, though I have been a close thinker, as a student, for more than fifty-three years. My habits of retiring and rising have been very regular through all my life. In my youth I did not wear a hat, or any other head-covering, after the dews of the morning were past, until the dews began to fall at evening. I continue to take a refreshing air-bath for my head. I wash, wet my head and take a walk with head uncovered, and but rarely have a cold to annoy me.

I have not attempted to show "the causes of baldness;" but I have endeavored to inform how it may be avoided. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞ FRANCE.—The condition of affairs in Paris is terrible. Early in the week bloody conflicts took place between the insurgents (the Communists) and the Government troops, resulting in the success of the latter. Further fighting occurred on Thursday, and our latest despatches state that the murderous work still continues.

☞ Riots have occurred at Scranton, Pa., growing out of the coal troubles. Several men were killed and others wounded. The Governor has issued a proclamation, and the military have been called out.

☞ LONDON, April 6.—The Princess of Wales gave birth to a boy to-day.

☞ We understand that Miss Anna McDowell, late editor of the Woman's Department of the *Sunday Dispatch*, has withdrawn from that paper, and taken a similar position in the *Sunday Republic*. Miss McDowell advocates the industrial and educational rather than the political rights of women, and is a very spirited and interesting writer.

☞ The Prussian Government lately gave $50,000 to a Berlin cook for his secret of making peas pudding sausages that will not turn sour.

☞ San Domingo City is famous for its dogs and birds. Every family has two or three birds, and every other family two or three dogs.

[From the New York Independent.]

The Northern Pacific Railroad.

BY SCHUYLER COLFAX,

VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Midway across the continent—at the head of twelve hundred miles of Lake navigation—a thousand miles from Buffalo, the western terminus of the Erie Canal, and as near to it by water as Chicago—a hundred miles west of the longitude of St. Louis or Galena—is the young city of Duluth, the initial point of the Northern Pacific Railroad. That great work, so magnificently endowed by the Government, is already being pushed rapidly westward, under its energetic controllers; and before the snow flies next Fall, it will be completed to the western line of Minnesota, where it crosses the Red River of the North—which runs northward to Lake Winnipeg—and one-eighth of its distance to the Pacific Ocean will have been accomplished. Commencing, too, this season on its western line, the work will be prosecuted from both directions, and long before the nation celebrates its Centennial Anniversary of Independence, the Lakes will be united by iron bands with that Mediterranean of our Northwest, Puget Sound.

Of the auspicious influence of this enterprise, which but a few years ago would have been considered so daring, the most sanguine of its friends have scarcely yet a full realization. Even taking Chicago as the starting point, it will be (via St. Paul, where an arm of the Northern Pacific Railroad is reached) two hundred miles less distance to Puget Sound than to San Francisco. Besides this, vessels from the Golden Gate to China sail on what is called the grand circle, instead of in a straight line; and any one testing this by a string on a globe will be surprised at the result, if they have not previously studied the effect of the rotundity of the earth, and its diminished protuberance as you go northward towards the Pole. Hence, when they have sailed eight hundred miles from San Francisco, they are only one hundred miles from the entrance to Puget Sound; and this striking fact shows the advantages this route will have in commanding the through traffic of Asia with our Atlantic States, or that portion of it which will pass over the soil of this nation on its road to Europe.

Nor is this all. Development is the great duty of the Republic, after all its recent trials. Resources are the gift of the Creator. Developing them depends on the work of man. Along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, as it follows up the water-courses, the Missouri and the Yellowstone on this side, and descends by the valley of the Columbia on the other, a vast body of agricultural land is waiting for the plough, with a climate almost exactly the same as that of New York, except that, with less snow, cattle, in the larger portion of it, can subsist on the open range in winter. Here, if climate and fertility of soil produce their natural result, when railroad facilities open this now isolated region to settlement, will soon be seen waving grain-fields, and happy homes, and growing towns; while ultimately a cordon of prosperous States, teeming with population, and rich in industry and consequent wealth, will occupy that now undeveloped and almost inaccessible portion of our continental area.

But this Road is fortunate also in its pathway across the two ranges of mountains which tested so severely the Pacific Railroads built on the central line, and the overcoming of which reflected such well deserved honor on their energetic builders. At the Deer Lodge Pass, in Montana, where it crosses the Rocky Mountains, its altitude above the sea is 3500 feet less than the Union Pacific Railroad at Sherman, which is said to be the highest point at which a locomotive can be found in the world. And on the Pacific side of the Continent it is even more fortunate. From Arizona up to the Arctic Circle the Columbia is the only river which has torn its way through that mighty range, the Andes of North America, which in California is known as the Sierras, but which in Oregon changes its name to the Cascades. Nature has thus provided a pathway for the Northern Pacific Road through these mountains, the scaling of which, on the other line, at an elevation of over seven thousand feet (a most wonderful triumph of engineering,) cost the Central Pacific company millions of dollars, and compelled them, for seventy miles, to maintain a grade of over one hundred feet to the mile—twice the maximum of the Northern Pacific at the most difficult point on its entire route.

It is fortunate, also, in its terminus on the Pacific coast. No one who has not been there can realize the beauty of Puget Sound and its surroundings. One hundred miles long, but so full of inlets and straits that its navigable shore-line measures seventeen hundred and sixty miles, dotted with lovely islets, with gigantic trees almost to the water's edge, with safe anchorage everywhere, and stretching southward, without shoals or bars, from the Straits of Fuca to the capital and centre of Washington Territory, it will be a magnificent *entrepot* for the commerce of that grandest ocean of the world, the Pacific. * * * The Land Grant of the United States, exceeding fifty millions of acres in the winter wheat region of our nation (ten times as large as the area of Massachusetts,) is doubtless sufficient for the completion of the road: but, besides this, millions of private means are already invested in it. The bonds based on the Land Grant, and a mortgage on the road itself in addition, are being sold as rapidly as the money is needed; and, as an investment yielding about eight per cent. per year in currency, rank already with the best class of railroad securities. And thus the good work will go on with unchecked step to its final consummation, carrying the blessings of settlement, development, civilization, and Christianity with it in its progress, and literally causing the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

THE following valuable table is commended to the attention of young men:—

A TABLE OF DAILY SAVINGS AT COMPOUND INTEREST.

Cts. a Day.	*Per Year.*	*In 10 Yrs.*	*Fifty Yrs.*
2½	$10 00	$130	$2,900
5½	20 00	260	5,800
11	40 00	520	11,600
27½	100 00	1,300	29,000
55	200 00	2,600	58,000
$1 10	400 00	5,200	116,000
1 87	500 00	6,500	145,000

☞ The *sea-anemone* produces its young by (at a certain age) breaking into pieces—each piece becoming a perfect animal like its early self! Old age, of course, an agreeable second childhood. So said Agassiz, in his late lecture at the "Aquarial Gardens."

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ A sign of expected summer is the removal from many establishments of outer winter doors, which are at once such a nuisance and such a necessity.

☞ Why will folks pay so much for rent when they can get a house-maid for three or four dollars?

☞ A fond father in Vermont offers his farm to any one who will marry his daughter. What's the matter with the daughter?

☞ Living on twenty-five cents a day and street begging enabled old Jean Pierron of New Orleans to leave $150,000 when he died recently.

☞ There is to be seen in the window of a cage-maker in Bleecker st., N. Y., a live white squirrel. It is said to be an albino of the black variety, which, if true, proves that black may sometimes be white.

☞ A. T. Stewart's income for the past year, as recorded on the books of the Eighth Collection District, was $1,537,595.

☞ The editor of the Dover (Me.) Observer is over 70 years of age, and has never been in a railroad car in his life.

☞ A letter was lately dropped into the post-office at Niagara Falls directed to "Schlobagough, Illinoyse."

☞ A one-armed backman, named James Rogers, lifted a lady off the New Jersey Railroad track at Newark, an approaching locomotive, of which she was unaware, being within four feet of her, and grazed her dress as she was being removed.

☞ The Right Hon. Sir George Hamilton Seymour—formerly ambassador in Russia, who had the famous conversation with the Czar about "The Sick Man" before the Crimean war—disputes the legality of one of the late Marquis of Hertford's codicils, and claims the Irish estates, worth $300,000 a year, originally left him. There is to be a big tussle, and the lawyers are in capital spirits.

☞ I think it is the most beautiful and humane thing in the world, so to mingle gravity with pleasure that the one may not sink into melancholy, nor the other rise up into wantonness.—*Pliny.*

☞ The Marquis of Salisbury says the usefulness of great fleets in war has gone past. The total uselessness of the French navy in the late war looks like it. If true, this is, of itself, a revolution in the world's affairs. Another turn of the wheel of fate will dispense with the great armies.

☞ Foxboro aspires to the title of "Queen Village of Massachusetts."

☞ The retail coal-dealers, owing to the present scarcity, are palming off all the refuse stuff that has collected in the corners of their yards for years. As a consequence, consumers are pestered nearly to distraction in their efforts to keep up fires. The only remedy is found in going into the yard when coal is ordered and personally superintending the loading of the carts. Those who fail to do this will find themselves pottering over a heap of "bone" and sulphur slate, vainly endeavoring to extract the latent heat which it does not contain.—*N. Y. Paper.*

☞ At a large dinner given a short time ago at New York, the names of the guests, designating their places at the table, were painted on rubber balloons which floated over the table, being fastened to long strings, one to the stem of each man's goblet.

☞ Seven years of silent inquiry are needful for a man to learn the truth, but fourteen in order to learn how to make it known to his fellow-men.—*Plato.*

☞ Queen Victoria has more Mohammedan subjects than the Sultan of Turkey.

☞ The smallest internal revenue paying state is Arkansas.

☞ All the beef packeries around Rockport, Corpus Christi and Indianola, and, in fact, throughout the state of Texas, have closed for the season, which has been a very profitable one to those engaged in the business. Some of the firms are now engaged trying to find means for keeping meat cool at a packing temperature during the summer and fall months, when the beeves are fattest. The man who invents the cheapest and best method of preserving the meat at the required temperature may consider his fortune made, as, because of this want, packers are compelled to suspend work during about seven months in the year.—*New Orleans Picayune, 25th ult.*

☞ A movement is on foot to send, under American auspices, an expedition for the purpose of thorough exploration of the Holy Land.

☞ Life is too much for most. So much of age, so little of youth; living for the most part in the moment, and dating existence by the memory of its burdens.—*Alcott.*

☞ The great theatre proprietor of London is the Duke of Bedford. Drury Lane Theatre, and the Royal Italian Opera-house of Covent Garden, are both on his estate, and he derives a large income from them. At the latter he has a splendid box, with an entirely separate approach from the street. The present duke, however, never visits this or any other public place, although he resides in London continuously, and is known not to have been out of it for upwards of twenty years. He lives in complete seclusion in a great mansion, occupying the centre of one side of Belgrave square. The heir to the dukedom and its accompanying £200,000 a year, is the elder brother of Mr. Ode Russell.

☞ The acid of the cranberry is so decidedly beneficial in all bilious affections, by its stimulating effects upon the liver, that attention to its culture should be encouraged. One acre of land, suitably prepared, will yield two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of cranberries. The cranberry is a beautiful evergreen and grows thriftily. It can be kept all winter, and may be so trained to grow from flower pots as to be beautifully ornamental to the parlor and dining-room through all seasons of the year. They will grow in any ordinary room, without special attention; and the berry will remain on the stem until the flowering for another crop. It flourishes further North than any other berry, ripening on Bushman Island, on the western slope of Greenland, in latitude seventy-six.

☞ The Goddess of Liberty on the dome of the national capitol looks more like a cross between a sister of charity and a pie woman than anything else. The *N. Y. World* is responsible for the above.

☞ It is said that the Count von Bismarck, whose antecedents are no objection to the statement, has supported himself through the intense brain-work that he has latterly done, by recourse to a case of wine known to be more than a thousand years old, and which was found in a cavern near his home at Schoenhausen.

☞ Mrs. Mary Gaines, an eccentric, who has been unfortunate in two marriages, recently took a third husband, without legs, for the reason, as she alleged, that he could not run away from her.

KATE HADLEY AND I.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MAUD MERIDETH.

"MY DEAR JACK—

"Wont you shake the dust of the city off your feet, and come to Maplehurst to spend the heated term? Nellie and Sue are to be here, so you will miss them if you go to the seaside; and I have my especial friend, Kate Hadley with me, of whom you have heard me speak so often. I have not mentioned half the choice spirits. There is to be quite a party of gentlemen, as well as ladies here to enjoy my hospitality this summer. Now do decide to come here to Maplehurst, and not disappoint

"Your loving sister,

"NETT."

This was the missive I received one excessively warm day early in June. But I had made arrangements to accompany a party to the seaside—so sent my regrets, with a half promise to run up there towards the close of the season. Somehow I did not enjoy it that year as usual—and after a few weeks, suddenly resolved to go to Maplehurst. I wished to see Nettie—and I confess the society of my two favorites was no small inducement; but the *Kate* she spoke of—the less said of her the better. I wondered how Nettie could choose her for a a friend, and what my friends Murray and Kendall thought of her. I arrived unexpectedly one morning, and surprised Nettie alone—the rest had gone picnicing.

"Dear Jack," said she, when we had settled quietly down for a chat; "I'm so glad you have come, we are having such a gay season; something new every day. I have a houseful—and I know you will be in your element. Kate is still here, too—and you have not seen *her* yet."

"Humph! As if that was the greatest attraction you could possibly offer a fellow! Nett, I've seen her twice—and I confess I've no desire to see her again. I cannot understand your infatuation."

"Why, Jack, I'm surprised! You must be mistaken."

"Not at all, sis,"

"Where have you seen her?"

"Well, you know she lived near Springfield, with her uncle, only ten miles from here, six years ago. The first time I was here after your marriage, while riding round the country, I came upon this same paragon of yours, *sans* shoes and stockings, working in the hay-field, *a la* Maud Muller; but without Maud Muller's grace and beauty. Well, three *years* ago you remember, after my return from Europe I was here some time. Strolling that way one day, I came across her again; with shoes on this time, but holes in the toes of them displayed to the admiring passer by, blue stockings, just think of it! blue yarn stockings, ugh! You need not laugh; there she was with hammer and nails, mending the garden fence; and now I find her an inmate of my exclusive sister's parlor."

"Oh, Jack! you are as sensitive in regard to female attire as ever, and you know you are too prone to judge by first appearances. A worthier inmate could not grace my parlors than Kate Hadley, say what you will. When you first saw her, she was a mere child of fifteen; and working in the hay field was not the hardest labor she was obliged to perform. I have heard she was a perfect drudge there for four years. An orphan cast upon their bounty—they did not spare her; and after her aunt's death, she took the responsibility of the household on her young shoulders. She must have led a hard, loveless life, devoid of sympathy; for old Adam Gray cared for naught but his gold and lands; but she worked faithfully for duty's sake, with no appreciation or encouragement. I am thankful her lot is easier now. After old Adam's death, it was found that he had willed her one-half of his property—and I hope her trials are over. I, for one, am proud to call her friend."

"Well, sis, you really wax eloquent over your subject, and make her quite a heroine in real life."

"Which she undoubtedly is, Jack."

And here our conversation was interrupted.

After dinner I strolled off to the woods, and in trying to cross the brook lost my footing and splashed in like a great turtle. I wended my way back considerably *cooled*, and stole quietly up the back stairs, intending to reach my room unseen, as by the noise and laughter below I perceived the party had returned. But woful to relate! As I was stealing noiselessly along, just before I reached my door I perceived leaning against the balcony railing a young lady I had never seen, who seemed chiefly occupied just then in counting the patches of mud scattered lavishly upon my garments and face, while an amused and rather sarcastic smile graced her features. Now I did not relish that at all, for I am very particular (or rather was in those days) concerning my own personal appearance; and no one of my acquaintances ever saw "immaculate Jack Hinton" in such a plight before. Disappearing within my own room with rather more haste than grace I've no doubt, I proceeded to make myself presentable; after which a glance in the mirror tended somewhat to calm my ruffled spirits. Of course in the parlor I was heartily welcomed among them—they all being friends—and perceived to my relief the strange lady was absent. But she came in with Nettie just before tea, and I was formally introduced to "Miss Hadley," and to my utter surprise, beheld her a lovely young lady, with the most bewitching eyes and mouth I ever saw, and *such* hair crowning her beautiful head with its own glory. Sister Nett saw my surprise and enjoyed it; but she could not have known why I flushed at that same peculiar smile I had seen on the balcony; but we glided into quiet conversation for the few minutes before tea. At the table she sat opposite, for I of course handed in my old pet and playfellow, Sue Edgerton; and after furtively studying her face, I allowed even *I* could not find a single flaw. I perceived in the course of the evening that Kate Hadley was a favorite with all, as well as Sister Nettie. Day after day brought its pleasures. I flirted with the girls as usual, and probably would have with Kate, but there was a certain something—a thus far shalt thou go and no farther air—about her which forbade anything of the kind. I could not quite understand her, and being a travelled man of the world, who prided myself in my knowledge of the *sex*, the conclusion I was forced to arrive at was not extremely pleasant. One summer evening, as we were all starting for a horseback ride, we missed Kate, but sister, who was also of the party, explained that she had decided to remain at home. So her horse was led back to the stable, and we started off helter skelter up the road. As we were descending a hill my horse stumbled and fell, throwing me some little distance. I got up, however, telling the rest not to stop, I was all right; but soon after mounting again, I felt a stinging pain in my right hand, and told them I had cut my hand a little and would go back if they would proceed without me. The groom took my horse, and I passed through to the side porch and sat down to examine my wounds. Soon I felt a light touch on my shoulder, and a sweet voice which thrilled me said:

"Why, Mr. Allyn, are you back so soon? And you are hurt. Let me see." She had taken my soiled, bloody hand tenderly, when glancing at my face, she perceived her mistake, as I said:

"Not Mr. Allyn exactly, but Mr. Hinton."

She dropped the hand instantly, and through the gathering dusk I could see an annoyed look cross her face.

"Pardon me, I was mistaken. I thought—" She hesitated and drew back.

My hand had begun to throb painfully.

"Never mind," said I coldly, provoked at the change in her voice and manner, and began to pick out bits of glass from the wound, which was worse than I had imagined. She watched me a moment in silence, turned as if to go, then suddenly coming to my side again said, half-constrainedly:

"Mr. Hinton, perhaps I can help you, let me see;" and calling for linen, and water, her soft little hands dressed mine, quickly and skillfully, while I explained how it happened. Gradually we became quite sociable, and a charming hour was spent on the porch in the moonlight, ere the return of the equestrians. I went to bed that night confessing that at last I was in love, and with Kate Hadley. The next morning I chanced to meet her alone in the library, and ere long had—impulsively as men in love sometimes do—asked her to marry me. I might have known better, but I certainly was not prepared for the look she gave me, accompanied by the scornful words, "Mr. Hinton, you are either very insulting, or beside yourself. Your memory is very short. How long ago was it you expressed surprise that your sister tolerated a person you very graphically described as guilty of working barefoot, and wearing blue stockings? When you next discuss absent people, be sure none of them happen to be within hearing," and she left me abruptly. Well! if that was not the greatest damper my pride and self-love ever received! I sat still a little while, trying to realize my situation. Ere I rose, I vowed that if we both lived, she should become my wife. She should love me yet. I made up my mind to face the matter boldly; I would not leave Maplehurst, giving her a chance to think me grief-stricken after my rejection. So we both stayed under the same roof, seemingly the same as ever. At last the bright summer had nearly waned. I was going back to town to-morrow. Some had already left, the others were going immediately. Nettie had persuaded Kate to remain at least a week after we had left her. That last warm, hazy afternoon, I strolled out to one of the arbors. It was delightfully cool and pleasant there, and as I threw myself down on one of the low benches, I espied a book down behind a garden chair, the very book I had heard Kate Hadley enquiring so anxiously for, a few days before. I quickly took possession of it, and opened it the first thing, *of course*. Now, reader, I would not tell you this, but it is too good to keep. The first page I happened to open at was a *fac simile* of myself, as I must have appeared after my plunge in the muddy brook, the day I first met her. I could not but recognize it instantly. Turning leaf after leaf, upon which were displayed real talent, even in the slightest sketches, I found at last, between the leaves, a half-written letter. Now, as I have begun I'll tell you the whole truth, as you will probably never know who I am.—[A poor excuse.—ED.]—I, without the least hesitation, opened that letter, and read as follows:

SEPTEMBER 16th, 18—.

MY DEAREST EMMA:—I am sincerely glad you trusted me so fully as to confide to my keeping your secret; rest assured it will remain inviolate. You say, Happy am I that I have a heart all my own, as I know nothing of the pangs you suffer. My darling I will tell you what no other will ever know. I am as utterly wretched as a proud heart can make its unhappy possessor. I devotedly love one of whom any woman might be proud and (I know this will seem strange to you), a month ago he asked me to be his wife, and I scornfully *refused*, because my pride had caused a mole-hill to become a mountain. He is not a man that will sue the second time, and I have deliberately raised a barrier between us that will never be overcome. I could not tell you this were it not we have always shared each others troubles, and I need your sympathy. My future now has—

Here the letter remained unfinished. How my heart beat!—with triumph? No, with love; for I loved her now more than ever. Now I understood why she had nearly moved the house from its foundation for that book. I quietly proceeded to the house with it, and hearing the piano, looked in the parlor and discovered her practicing alone. I stole quietly up behind her, and placed the book—open at the ridiculous picture of myself—before her without a word. How she started! And how pale she turned as the letter slipped out upon the key board! I shall never forget her look as she said in a stifled voice,

"Where did you find it?"

"In the arbor, under the garden chair."

A silence followed, during which I could fairly hear her heart throbbing under its weight of mortification. At last, for I pitied her as she sat there with downcast head and scarlet face covered with confusion, so in contrast with the cool proud girl I had known as Kate Hadley, said:

"Kate, I have done a dishonorable act, unbecoming a gentleman. I have seen your book, and read your letter; but I do not regret it, for it has made me very happy. Oh, darling! do not wrong your own heart and mine again; for I love you as a man never loves but once. Surely you will not destroy the life-long happiness of us both on account of the thoughtless, careless words I spoke ere I had seen you." And for answer I received—

Well, no matter, reader, but it was a different answer from the first, and perfectly satisfactory. I did *not* leave Maplehurst the next day. We were married at Christmas.

A skunk that was caught in a trap in Newtonville last November, subsequently walked off with the trap and escaped. A week or two ago a skunk, with its leg in a trap, was shot in Peabody, and was no doubt, the same skunk that was caught in Newtonville. It had travelled twenty miles in four months.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LEGEND.

Dona Esperanza exchanged a look with the sachem, and after reflecting a moment, as if recalling her ideas, she said to Dona Marianna, in her gentle, sympathizing voice, "My dear girl, before beginning my narrative, I must inform you that I belong to the Aztec race, and am descended in a direct line from the kings of that people. Hence, the story you are about to hear, though simple in its form, is completely exact, and has dwelt among us intact for generations. I trust," she added, with a stress, "that it will interest you."

Then turning to one of the criados who stood motionless behind the guests, she said: "The quipos."

The criado went out, and almost immediately returned with a bag of perfumed tapir skin, which he handed his mistress with a bow. The latter opened it, and drew out several cords plaited of different colored threads, divided at regular distances by knots mingled with shells and beads. These cords are called quipos, and are employed by the Indians to keep up the memory of events that have occurred during a long course of years, and thus represent books. Still, it requires a special study to understand these quipos, and few people are capable of deciphering them, the more so as the Indians, who are very jealous about keeping their historical secrets, only permit a small number of adepts to learn the explanation, which renders any knowledge of Indian history almost impossible for white men. Dona Esperanza, after attentively examining the quipos, selected one, replaced the others in the bag, and letting the knots of the rope glide through her fingers, much as a monk does with his beads when telling his rosary, she began her narrative.

For fear of injuring this story, whose truth cannot be doubted, and which we ourselves heard told in an atepetl of the Papazos, we will leave it in all its native rudeness, without attempting to adorn it with flowers of European metaphors, which, in our opinion, would deprive it of its peculiar character. Dona Esperanza spoke as follows:—"At a certain period of the year," she said, while beginning to feel the quipos, which served her, as it were, as a book, "long before the appearance of white men on the red territory, a numerous band of Chichimeques and Toltequez, who originally dwelt at the lakes, becoming dissatisfied, resolved to emigrate to the south-west in pursuit of the buffaloes, and carried out their resolve.

"At Salt Lake they divided, and those who remained continued to bear their primitive name; while the others, for an unknown motive, assumed that of Comanches. These Comanches, more enterprising than their brothers, continued their journey till they reached the banks of the Rio Gila, where they encamped and divided again. One band, which resolved not to go further, was christened by the others, who determined to press on, the 'Great Ears;' but the whites who first discovered them called them 'Opatas.' The remainder of the band continued to march in the same direction, and found the Rio Bravo del Norte at the mouth of the Rio Puerco. They had only two principal chiefs left, and gave themselves the name of Neu-ta-che, which means, 'those who reach the river's mouth.' One of the chiefs had an only son, and the other a lovely daughter, and the young people loved each other. But this raised the anger of the father of the unhappy girl to such a height, that he made his hand arm and prepare to fight. But the father and the young man crossed the Rio Gila, and buried themselves with their band in the territory afterwards called by the white man Senora or Sonora, where they settled, and continued to reside peacefully until the period when the whites, ever in search of new lands, arrived there in their turn, and after many cruel wars, succeeded in gaining possession of the country.

"The Comanches had founded several towns in Sonora, and, in accordance with their constant habit, in the neighborhood of the gold and silver mines they discovered, and began to work. One of their towns, perhaps the richest and most populous, had for its chief a warrior justly renowned for his wisdom in council and valor in the combat. This chief was called Quetzalmalin—that is to say, the 'Twisted Feather.' His nobility was great, and very ancient; he justly declared that he was descended in a direct line from Acamapichtzin, first king of Mexico, whose hieroglyphic he retained on the totem of his tribe, through that veneration which our fathers displayed for their ancestors. This hieroglyphic, which his descendants had preciously retained, is composed of a hand grasping a number of reeds, which is the literal translation of the name of the noble chief of the race. Twisted Feather had a daughter, eighteen summers old, lovely and graceful: her name was Ova, and she ran over the prairie grass without bending it; gentle, pensive, and timid as the virgin of the first loves, her black eyes had not yet been fixed on one of the warriors of the tribe, who all sought to please her.

"Ova wore a tunic of water-green color, fastened round her waist by a wampum belt, with a large golden buckle. When she danced before her father, the old man's forehead became unwrinkled, and a sunbeam passed into his eyes. Her father had often told her that it was time for her to marry, but Ova shook her head with a smile; she was happy, and the little bird that speaks to the heart of maidens had not yet sung to her the gentle strains of love.

"Still a moment arrived when Ova lost all her careless gayety. The young girl, so laughing and so wild, became suddenly pensive and dreamy—she loved.

"Ova went to find her father. The chief at this moment was presiding over the great council of the nation in the great medicine calli. The maiden advanced, and knelt respectfully before her father.

"'What is it, my daughter?' the chief said, as he passed his hand gently through her long hair, which was as fine as aloe threads.

"'My father,' she replied, looking down modestly, 'I love, and am beloved.'

"'My daughter, what is the name of the chief who is so happy that your choice should have fallen on him?'

"'He is not a chief, my father; he is, perchance, one of the most obscure warriors of the tribe, although he is one of the bravest. He works in the gold mine that belongs to you.'

"The chief frowned, and a flash of anger sparkled in his glance.

"'My father,' the maiden continued, as she embraced his legs, 'if I did not marry him, I should die.'

"The chief gazed at his daughter for a moment, and saw her so sad and resigned, that pity entered his heart. He, too, loved his daughter—his only child; for the Master of Life had called away the others to the happy hunting-grounds. The aged man did not want his daughter to die.

"'You shall marry the man you love,' he said to her.

"'Do you promise it to me on the sacred totem of the nation, father?'

"'On the sacred totem of the nation I promise it; speak, therefore, without fear. What is the name of the man you love?'

"'He is called the Clouded Snake, father.'

"The old man sighed.

"'He is very poor,' he muttered.

"'I am rich enough for both.'

"'Be it so. You shall marry him, my daughter.'

"Ova rose, sparkling with joy and happiness, bowed to the assembly, and left the medicine lodge.

"Clouded Snake was poor, it is true—even very poor, since he was constrained to work in the gold mine; but he was young, he was brave, and was considered the handsomest of all the warriors of his age.

"Tall, robust, and muscular, Clouded Snake formed as complete a contrast with Ova, who was pale and frail, as a noble buffalo does with a graceful antelope. Perhaps their love emanated from this contrast.

"The young man, though he was so poor, found means to give his betrothed perfumes of grizzly bears' grease, necklaces of alligators' teeth, and wampum girdles.

"The young people were happy. On the eve of the marriage, Clouded Snake laid at Ova's feet buckles of gold and two bracelets of shells, mingled with beads of pure gold.

"Ova accepted these presents with a smile, and said to her betrothed, as she left him—

"'Farewell; we part to-day to see each other to-morrow, and to-morrow we shall be united for ever.'

"On the next morning Clouded Snake did not come. Ova waited for several months; Clouded Snake did not reappear.

"In vain, by the chief's orders, was the young man sought for throughout the country; no one had seen him, no one had heard speak of him.

"Clouded Snake no longer existed, except in the heart of Ova.

"She wept for him, and people tried to make her believe that he had gone to fight the white men; but Ova shook her head, and wiped away her tears.

"Forty times did the snow cover the summit of the mountains, and yet it had been impossible to clear up the mystery of Clouded Snake's disappearance.

"One day some laborers at work in the gold mine, which had belonged to Ova's father, and was now her property, while going far down an old gallery which had been abandoned for a long time, exhumed a corpse as miraculously preserved as the mummies of the *teocallis* are in their bandages.

"The warriors flocked up to see this strange corpse, clothed in a dress belonging to another age, and no one recognized it.

"Ova, who was then old, and who, to please her father, had married the great chief of his nation when her last hope expired, went with her husband to the spot where the corpse was exposed to the sight of visitors.

"Suddenly she started, and tears darted from her eyes; she had recognized Clouded Snake, as handsome as on the day when she left him with the hope of a speedy reunion. She, on the other hand, aged and bowed down more by grief than years, was weak and tottering.

"Ova wished that the corpse of the man whom she had been on the point of marrying, and whom the evil spirit had torn from her, should be restored to the mine from which it had been removed after forty years. The mine, by the orders of the chief's wife, although extremely rich, was abandoned and shut up.

"Ova ordered a hieroglyphic to be carved on the stone that covers the body of her betrothed, which may be thus translated:—'This sepulchre is without a body; this body is without a sepulchre; but by itself it is a sepulchre and a body.'

"Such," Dona Esperanza added, as she finished the legend, and laid down the quipos, "is the story of the lovely Ova, daughter of the great chief Twisted Feather, and of Clouded Snake the miner, just as it occurred, and just as Ova herself ordered it to be preserved by a special quipos for future ages."

Dona Esperanza stopped, and there was a moment's silence.

"Well, senorita," the sachem asked, "has the legend interested you?"

"Through its simplicity it is most touching, senor," the young lady answered; "still, there is something vague and unsettled about the whole story, which impairs its effect."

Thunderbolt smiled gently.

"You find, do you not, that we are not told the precise spot where the events of the narrative occurred, that Sonora is very large, and that the town in which Twisted Feather commanded is not sufficiently indicated!"

"Pardon me, senor," the young lady remarked, with a blush, "such geographical notions, though doubtless very useful in settling the spot where events have occurred, interest me personally very slightly. What I find incomplete is the story itself; the rest does not concern me."

"More so than you suppose, perhaps, senorita," the sachem remarked; "but pray be good enough to state your objections more fully."

"Excuse me, senor, but I have not yet recovered from the surprise which the events that have occurred during the last few hours have occasioned me, and I explain myself badly, in spite of my efforts."

"What do you mean, senorita, and to what events are you referring?"

"To those which are taking place at this very moment. Having started from home to ask an interview of a wood-ranger, whom I naturally supposed encamped in the open air, and shared the life of privations of his fellows, I meet, on the contrary, persons who overwhelm me with attentions, and, under an Indian appearance, conceal all the refinements of the most advanced civilization. You can understand how this strange contrast with what surrounds me must surprise, almost frighten me, who am a young girl, ignorant of the world, and have undertaken a step which many persons would disapprove if they knew it."

"You are going too far, my dear child," Dona Esperanza replied, as she tenderly embraced her, "what you have seen here ought not to surprise you. My husband is one of the principal chiefs of the great Confederation of the Papazos; but he and I, in other times, lived the life of white men. When we withdrew to the desert, we took with us our civilized habits, and that is the entire mystery. As for the step you have taken, it has nothing that is not most honorable to you."

"I thank you for these kind remarks, and the interpretation you are pleased to give to a step conceived, perhaps, a little too giddily, and executed more giddily still."

"Do not regret it, senorita," said Thunderbolt; perhaps it has helped your father's affairs more than you suppose."

"As for the story of Ova," Dona Esperanza continued, with a gentle smile, "this is how it ended:—the poor woman died of despair a few days after the discovery of the man she ought to have married, and whom she had held in such tender memory for so long a time. At her last hour she expressed a desire to be united in death to the man from whom she had been separated in life. This last wish was carried out. The two betrothed repose side by side in the mine, which was at once closed again, and no one has dreamed of opening it up to the present day."

"I thank you, senora, for completing your narrative. Still, Marianna said, with a sigh, "this gold mine must, in my opinion, be very poor, since the Spaniards, when they seized the country, did not attempt to work it."

"Not at all, my dear child; on the contrary, it is excessively rich. But Ova's secret has been so well kept that the Spaniards remained in ignorance of its existence."

The two ladies were by this time alone, as the sachem and his son had left the tent.

"It is strange," the maiden murmured, answering her own thoughts rather than Dona Esperanza's remark.

The earnestness with which the lady insisted on referring to the legend astounded and interested her. A secret foreboding warned her that the story had a hidden object, whose importance still escaped her, though she was burning to discover it. Dona Esperanza attentively followed in her face the various feelings that agitated her, and were reflected in her expressive face as in a mirror. She continued—"This is why the mine was not discovered when the Spaniards seized the town where it was situated. It had been stopped up for a very long time. The old inhabitants were killed or expelled by the conquerors; and those who escaped were careful not to reveal this secret to their oppressors. The latter destroyed the town, and built an immense hacienda over its mines."

"But—pardon me for questioning you thus, senora—how have all these facts come to your knowledge?"

"For a very simple reason, my dear child. Ova was my ancestress, and the knowledge of this mine is consequently a family secret for us. I am, perhaps, the only person in the world who at the present day knows its exact position."

"Yes, I understand you," the young lady said, becoming very pensive.

"Still you are trying to discover, are you not, my dear child?" the old lady continued, kindly interrogating her, "why, instead of letting you speak of the important matters that brought you here, my son urged you to ask this story of me; and why, without pity for your filial sorrow, I consented to do so; and why, now that it is ended, I am anxious for you to learn the minutest details?"

The girl hid her face in the old lady's bosom, and burst into tears.

"Yes," she said, "you have understood me, madam, and pray pardon me."

"Pardon you for what, my dear child? for loving your father? On the contrary, you are quite right. But yours is no common nature, my child; though we have only been acquainted for a few hours, you have sufficiently appreciated my character, I think, to recognize the interest I take in you."

"Yes, yes, I believe you, madam; I must believe you."

"Well, console yourself, my dear girl; do not weep thus, or I shall be forced to follow your example; and I have still some details to add to this interminable story."

The maiden smiled through her tears. "Oh, you are so kind, madam," she answered.

"No, I love you, that is all, and," she added, with a sigh, "I have done so for a long time."

Dona Marianna gazed at her with amazement.

"Yes, that surprises you," she continued, "and I can well understand it. But enough of this subject for the present, my darling, and let us return to what I wanted to say to you."

"Oh, I am listening to you, madam."

"I will now tell you where Ova's town stood, and its name. It was called Cibola."

"Cibola!" the girl exclaimed.

"Yes, dear child, the very spot where the Hacienda del Toro was afterwards built by your ancestor, the Marquis de Moguer. Now do you understand me?"

Without replying, Dona Marianna threw herself into the old lady's arms, who pressed her tenderly to her bosom.

CHAPTER XXXI.

KIDD RE-APPEARS.

Kidd had left the stepti of the Papazos with rage in his heart, and resolved in his mind the most terrible schemes of vengeance. Not that the bandit had in his gangrened heart any sensitive chord which noble sentiment could cause to vibrate; to him it was a matter of the slightest importance that he had been publicly branded and expelled like the lowest scoundrel; humiliation glided over him without affecting him, and what most enraged him was to see the fortune dried up which Don Marcos de Nija had momentarily flashed before his greedy eyes, and which he hoped, by dissimulation and treachery, to invest in his capacious pockets in the shape of gold ounces. Now he could not longer dream of it; the slightest information he could henceforth accidentally pick up would not be sufficiently important to be paid for at the price given for the first.

There was something desperate in such an alternative for a man like the bandit; but what should he do? With all his other qualities, the adventurer combined the rather strange one, for him, of only being brave like the Coyotes, which only attack in pairs, and when they are certain of conquering; that is to say, he was an utter coward when compelled to meet an enemy face to face, although he would not hesitate to kill him from behind a bush. The adventurer did not deceive himself about this peculiarity of his character, and the mere idea of picking a quarrel with Stronghand caused him an instinctive terror, externally revealed by a general trembling.

He therefore very sadly and despairingly proceeded along the road to the Real de Minas, not knowing yet whether he should enter the pueblo, or push further on and seek fortune elsewhere, when his attention was attracted to the left hand of the road he was following by an unusual and continuous undulation of the tall grass. The bandit's first impulse was to stop, dismount, and conceal himself and his horse behind an aloe tree, which afforded a temporary shelter. It is extraordinary to see how villains, who care nothing for the life of others, display remarkable instinct of self-preservation, and what tricks they employ to escape an often imaginary danger. When the bandit believed himself in safety, at least for the moment, he began watching most carefully the undulation of the grass, which incessantly drew nearer to him.

A quarter of an hour passed thus; then the grass parted, and the bandit perceived three horsemen coming towards him, entirely dressed in black. With that peculiar scent scoundrels have for detecting policemen, Kidd did not deceive himself; he at once recognized the three persons as belonging to the noble corporation of Alguasil. A fourth, also dressed in black, in whose ugly features an expression of bestial craft and wickedness seemed to be reflected, was evidently the leader of the party—an Alguasil mayor, a race of rapacious vultures, without heart or entrails; a manso Indian, dressed in torn trowsers, and with bare head, arms and legs, was running in front of the others, and evidently acting as guide.

"Hold, Jose!" the most important of the men shouted to the Indian, employing the general nickname of these poor fellows. "Hold, Jose! mind you do not lead us astray, scoundrel, if you do not want to have your ribs broken; we must arrive this night at the Real de Minas of Quitovar, whither important business summons us."

"You would arrive there before two o'clock, excellency," the Indian answered, with a crafty laugh, "if instead of riding at a foot pace you would consent to give your mule the spurs; if not we shall not get there till after sunset."

"*Vulga mi dios!*" the first speaker said, angrily; "what will my honorable client, El Senor Senator Don Rufino Contreras say, who must have been awaiting my arrival for several days with the utmost impatience?"

"Nonsense, excellency! you will arrive soon enough to torture honest people."

"What do you dare to say, scoundrel?" the bailiff exclaimed, raising the chicote he held in his hand.

The Indian parried with a stick the blow which would have otherwise fallen on his loins, and answered dryly, as he seized the mule by the bridle, and made it rear, to the great alarm of the rider—

"Take care, senor; though you call me Jose, and treat me no better nor worse than a brute, we are no longer in one of your civilized towns, but on the prairie; here I have my foot on my native heath, and will not put up with the slightest insult from you. Treat me as an idiot, if you like, and I shall not care for it, as it comes from one whom I utterly despise; but bear this in mind—on the slightest threatening gesture you may make, I will immediately thrust my knife into your heart."

And while saying this, the man flashed in the bailiff's terrified face a long knife, whose blue blade had a sinister lustre.

"You are mad, Jose—quite mad," the other answered, affecting a tranquility he was far from feeling at the announcement; "I never intended to insult you, and I shall never do so; so let go my mule's bridle, pray, and we will continue our journey in peace."

"That will do," the Indian said, with his eternal grin; "that is the way you must speak for us to remain good friends during the period we shall have to pass together."

And after letting go the mule, he began trotting in front with that swinging pace of which Indians alone possess the secret, and which enables them to follow a trotting horse for several days without becoming tired.

The conversation had taken place sufficiently near to Kidd's lurking-place for him to overhear every syllable. Suddenly he started. An idea doubtless crossed his mind, for after allowing the horsemen to go on, but not too far for him to catch them up, he left his thicket, and went after them, growling between his teeth—"What the deuce relations can these birds of night have with Don Rufino Contreras? Well, we shall soon see."

On turning into the track he saw the party a short distance ahead of him. The latter, whom the sound of his horse's hoofs stamping on the dry ground had already warned, looked back rather anxiously, the more so because the bandit, in spite of the ease he tried to effect, had nothing very prepossessing about his appearance or face. Policemen could form no mistake about him. Hence they did not do so, and at the first glance recognized him as what he really was—that is to say, a bandit. But in Mexico, as in many other countries which pretend, rightly or wrongly, to be civilized, policemen and ruffians have the best possible reasons for living on friendly terms; and had it not been for the solitary spot where he was, Don Parfindo Parro (such was the Alguasil's name) saw nothing very disagreeable in meeting the adventurer. The latter continued to advance, talking to his horse, tickling its flanks with his spur, galloping, with his fist proudly placed on his hip, and his hat pulled impudently over his right ear.

"*Santas tardes, caballeros,*" he said, as he joined the party of men in black, and slightly checked his horse, so that it should keep pace with the others, "by what fortunate accident do I meet you so late on this desolate road?"

"Fortune is with us, caballero," Don Parfindo answered, politely; "this accursed Indian has led us a roundabout road; I really believe, whatever he may say, that we have lost our way, or shall soon do so."

"That is possible," Kidd observed; "and without being too curious, will you allow me to ask whither you are going? moreover, to set you at your ease by displaying confidence, I will inform you that I am going to Quitovar."

"Ah!" said the bailiff, "that is very lucky."

"Why so?"

"Because I am going there too, in the first instance. Are we still a great distance from the pueblo?"

"Only a few leagues; we shall arrive before two o'clock, and if you will allow me to take your guide's place, I shall be delighted to show you the way, which, I confess, is not very easy to find."

"Your proposal delights me, caballero, and I most heartily accept it."

"That is agreed; if you do not know the pueblo, I will take you to a capital house, where you will be excellently treated."

"I thank you, caballero; it is the first time I have been to Real de Minas. I am a bailiff at Hermosillo."

"A bailiff!" the bandit said; "carai! that is a famous profession."

"At your service, were I competent for it," Don Parfindo said, puffing himself out.

"I do not say no," Kidd continued, giving himself an air of importance. "When a man carries on a large business, as I do, the acquaintance of a caballero so distinguished as you appear to be can only be most advantageous."

"You confound me, senor."

"Oh, do not thank me, for what I say I really think; I was speaking about it only a few days back to Don Rufino Contreras, who is also very rich, and consequently has numerous trials."

"Do you know Don Rufino?" the bailiff asked, with rising respect.

"Which one?—the illustrious senator?"

"Himself."

"He is one of my most intimate friends. Are you acquainted with him too?"

"He has instructed me to proceed in his name against certain debtors of his."

"*Viva Dios!*" this is a strange meeting," the adventurer exclaimed, with a radiant face.

"What a worthy senor!" the bailiff remarked, "and so honorable!"

The two scoundrels understood each other. The acquaintance was formed, and confidence sprang up quite naturally. The conversation was continued on the best possible terms; Kidd adroitly led the other to make a general confession, and the latter, believing that he had to do with an intimate of Don Rufino, told him the secret of the negotiations he was entrusted with, without any visible pressure. Altogether this is what the adventurer learned:—Don Rufino Contreras, impelled by some motive unknown, had secretly bought up the claims of all the persons to whom the Marquis de Moguer was indebted. So soon as he held them, he had taken out writs, through a third party, against the marquis, so as to dispossess him of the small property left him—among other things, the Hacienda del Toro, which he evinced a great desire to possess. His proposal to marry Dona Marianna was only a bait offered to the good faith of Don Hernando, in order to lull his prudence and remove his suspicions. What he wanted was to become, at any price, proprietor of the hacienda. But still, wishing to retain the mask of friendship, by the aid of which he had hitherto deceived the marquis, he had put the matter in the hands of a man of his own, who had orders to push matters to extremities, and accept no arrangement. Don Parfindo Parro was the bailiff selected: he was the bearer of the most perverse instructions and strictest orders, and was resolved to accomplish to the letter what he emphatically called his duty.

In Mexico, we are compelled to allow that justice is the most derisive buffoon and horrible thing imaginable. The judges, most of whom are utterly ignorant, and who act gratis, as their salaries are never paid, requite themselves for this annoyance on the contending parties, whom they plunder without pity or shame; and this is carried to such an extent, that, so soon as the trial is begun, it is known who will win and who lose. It is of little consequence whether the trial be criminal or civil. Money decides everything. To give only one instance: A man commits a murder, the fact is confirmed—known by all; the assassination has been performed in bright day, in the open street, and in the presence of a hundred persons. The relations of the victim go before the *jeus de lettras*—that is to say, the criminal judge; he lets them explain the affair in its fullest details, and gives no signs of approval or disapproval; but when they have finished, he asks them the simple question—"Have you any witnesses?"

"Yes," the relatives answer.

"Very good; and these witnesses are doubtless men of good position and of a certain value?"

"Certainly. Each of them is worth a thousand piastres."

"Well," says the judge, "and how many may there be?"

"Ten."

"What a pity!" he then continues, in his mildest accents; "your adversary, who between ourselves, appears to me a highly distinguished caballero, has exactly the same number of witnesses as you; but his are far more important people, for each is worth two thousand piastres."

The matter is settled. If the relatives of the murdered man are not rich enough to make a higher bid, the assassin is not only acquitted, but discharged without a stain on his character, and is at perfect liberty, if he think proper, to kill another of his enemies on the same day and the same terms. Such is the way in which the Mexicans understand justice. We can therefore understand how an enormously rich man like Don Rufino Contreras could defeat the marquis, the state of whose fortune did not allow him to buy the judges.

The adventurer listened with the most earnest attention to the revelations the bailiff made with a certain degree of complacency. Kidd, who was accustomed to fish in troubled waters, had found an opportunity for a famous haul in these revelations. His plan was at once formed, and so soon as he came in sight of the pueblos his arrangements were made. It was late when the travellers reached the barriers of the Real de Minas; the sun had set long before, and the sentries, although they recognised the adventurer as one of their side, made some difficulty about letting him and his companions into the town. They were engaged for nearly an hour in parleying outside, and it was only by the express orders of the commandant that they obtained permission at last to enter the pueblo, which had been converted into a regular fortress.

Kidd, still continuing to act as guide to his comrades, led them straight to a meson, where he left them at liberty to rest themselves, after warmly recommending them to the landlord. Then the bandit, after placing his horse in the corral, and carefully wrapping himself up in his zarape, and pulling the brim of his hat over his eyes to escape recognition, glided through the darkness to the house of Don Marcos de Nija, which he entered. The captain, as we said, was accessible at all hours of the day or night, to any person who had news to communicate. At this moment he was in the same study where he had already held a conversation with Master Kidd. On noticing the adventurer, the captain raised his eyes, and without leaving his chair, he said—"Ah, is that you, Master Kidd? Your absence has been long; but for all that, you are welcome, if you bring good news."

The bandit gave a meaning smile.

"My news is excellent, captain," he said, laying a marked stress on the words, "especially for you."

"*Juego de Cristi!* I hope so, for am I not commandant of the town?"

"Yes; but I am not going to talk with you about politics at present, excellency."

"In that case, go to the deuce, scoundrel," the captain said, shrugging his shoulders angrily; "do you think I have nothing more important to do than listen to the rubbish you may please to invent and tire my ears with?"

"I invent nothing, excellency. Fortune has this very day granted me the opportunity of catching a secret it is most important for you to know—that is all."

"Well, tell me what this mighty secret is."

"It relates to your private affairs, excellency."

"My affairs!" the captain repeated, bursting into a laugh; "hang it all! have I any?"

"If the secret does not relate directly to you, it interests in a most eminent degree one of your nearest relatives."

"Ah! who is he?"

"The Marquis de Moguer."

The captain became serious; he frowned with a menacing expression, which made Kidd tremble in spite of his well-bred effrontery.

"Speak, and be brief," he said to him.

"Nothing will suit me better."

The captain took several ounces from the table-drawer, which he threw to the bandit, who caught them in their flight, and stowed them away with a grin of satisfaction in his huge pockets.

"You will not regret your money, excellency," he said.

"I hope not; and now go on, scoundrel, as you are paid."

Kidd, without further pressing, related in its fullest details all that had occurred between himself and the bailiff on the road. The captain listened with the most earnest attention.

"Is that all?" he asked, when the other stopped.

"Yes, excellency."

"Good; now be off. You will continue to watch this man, and report to me all he does."

And he dismissed him with a wave of the hand. The adventurer bowed, and went away. When alone, the captain reflected for a few minutes, and then wrote a letter, sealed it, and summoned his orderly, who at once made his appearance.

"Isedro," the captain said to him, "at all risks this letter must be in the hands of the Marquis de Moguer within six hours at the most. You understand me?—at all risks?"

"It shall be done, captain."

"Take this for yourself"—and he handed him some gold coins—"and this pass, which will enable you to go in and out. You must be off at once."

Without replying, the soldier withdrew, after concealing the letter in the breast of his uniform.

"And now," the captain muttered to himself, "let them come on."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"The Wheelbarrow Business."

"It is related of Girard, that when a young tradesman having bought of him and paid for a bag of coffee, proceeded to wheel it home himself, the shrewd old merchant immediately offered to trust his customer for as many bags as he might desire. The trait of character revealed by the young man in being his own porter, had given the millionaire confidence in him at once. His reputation was made with Girard. He became a favored dealer with the enterprising merchant, threve rapidly, and in the end made a fortune."—*Exchange.*

That sort of thing might have worked well enough with old Girard, but it don't fool anybody now. I have tried it. I bought half a pound of tea at Penderry's the other day, after reading the above paragraph, and wheeled it home in the most ostentatious manner, to see if Penderry, who was looking on, wouldn't offer to trust me for all the tea that I wanted, but he didn't. On the contrary, I heard him speak up sharp to a clerk as I went around the corner, asking him if that tea was paid for.

I afterwards took a wheelbarrow and went to a flour store on Central avenue. Bought a small bag of flour, twenty-five pounds, I think, and loaded it on, the head of the concern looking at me with apparent interest.

"Now," I thought, "is my opportunity. This is a Girard feller. He will tell me to come and get all the flour I can wheel away, and pay when I get ready. Perhaps he will offer me a partnership in his store."

Then I spat on my hands and whipped them over my shoulders to encourage a vigorous circulation, rubbed them together smartly, and clutching the handles of the barrow, started off at a brisk trot. I had proceeded about a square when I heard some one shouting after me. Looked around and saw the flour man coming on a dead run.

"Ha, ha!" thought I, "the thing works admirably. The example of Steve Girard is not lost. I have revealed a trait of character in being my own porter, to say nothing of my beer, and my fortune is made! The flour and feed man recognizes my merits, and comes to offer me a partnership!"

As he approached, I saw he had some money in his hand. "He is at least," I said, "going to return me my money." There was a severe look on his face as he came up to me which did not accord at all with what I had pictured Girard's countenance to have worn when he gave the carte blanche for coffee.

While reflecting that it might be "his way," he said: "Sir, I want you to go right back to my store."

"It is coming now," though I did not quite like his tone. "Wheelbarrows are about to receive their reward. He is going to offer me a partnership; perhaps to turn over his entire business to me." I was consequently elated.

Then I said to the flour and feed man (just as though I didn't know, you know, the clever things he meant to do for me), "May I inquire for what purpose, sir?"

"Certainly you may," he replied, frowning worse than ever. "You shoved this one dollar counterfeit bill to my clerk, and you must come back till I get a policeman. Oh! you needn't try to look so innocent! I suspicioned you when I saw you coming round to my store to get such a little jag o' flour as that. Watched ye to see that ye didn't steal nothin'. You see you can't fool an old hand like me."

Here was a turn in affairs that would astonish old Girard himself. I tried to explain. Assured him that I supposed the note to be genuine. He was incredulous for a time, and was disposed to have me locked up and the wheelbarrow detained as a witness—but finally let me off on my redeeming the note.

The wheelbarrow business is all a humbug. A man can't make a character in any such way. And the chances are that he will lose what little he starts out with.—*The Fat Contributor.*

A Strange Pair—The Spotted Boy and his Serpent Brother.

A most remarkable freak of nature is exhibiting in Louisville. To those who delight in eccentricities of this character the history of the boy snake couple, found two or three years since in the wilds of Africa, would be exceedingly interesting. When seven years of age he was captured in company with a boa constrictor, which is supposed to have charmed the young specimen of the *genus homo* from the parental hearthstone. There is a remarkable likeness between the boy and the snake in respect to color, each bearing the same flesh marks, and in the affection which made them companions in their native jungles continuous to this time. By their keeper they are said to be inseparable. The alternate nut-brown and cream spots which mark the one are identical in the other. The larynx in the boy, as in the snake, is wanting, and consequently each is as dumb as an oyster; at least they remain to this day as reticent of their origin as the most politic President in the United States could wish.

The nine-stroke of our evening town clocks consigns them to the same couch, and winding their young and tender forms about each other, they go to sleep to dream of mother and home, far from the land in which their young infancy was rocked.

The boy is as impartial a compromise between the pure Caucasian and the genuine African as a Congressional reconstruction committee could wish, and the singularity of his appearance increases the interest excited by his mysterious origin and the outer nature of his social affinities.

Value of Advertising.

"Without advertising I should be a poor man to-day."—*H. T. Helmbold.*

"I advertised my productions and made money."—*Nicholas Longworth.*

"Advertising has furnished me with a competence."—*Amos Lawrence.*

"A man who is liberal in advertising is liberal in trade, and such a man succeeds while his neighbor with just as good goods fails and drops out of market."—*Horace Greeley.*

"He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising.—*A. T. Stewart.*

"Constant and persistent advertising is a sure prelude to wealth."—*Stephen Girard.*

P. T. Barnum, the noted exhibitor, ascribes his success in accumulating a million of dollars in ten years to the unlimited use of printer's ink.

☞ Bread is said to have been first made of yeast by the English about 1650.

☞ Many impatient New York families have already commenced house-moving, in advance of the traditional 1st of May.

7-30 GOLD LOAN

OF THE

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

RAPID PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

The building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, (begun July last,) is being pushed forward with great energy from both extremities of the line. Several thousand men are employed in Minnesota and on the Pacific coast. The grade is nearly completed 200 miles westward from Lake Superior; trains are running over 130 miles of finished road, and tracklaying is rapidly progressing toward the eastern border of Dakota. Including its purchase of the St. Paul & Pacific Road, the North Pacific Company now has 413 miles of completed road—and by September next, this will be increased to at least 560.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. Jay Cooke & Co. are now selling, and unhesitatingly recommend, as a Profitable and perfectly Safe Investment, the First Mortgage Land Grant Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. They have 30 years to run, bear Seven and Three-Tenths per cent. gold interest (more than 8 per cent. currency) and are secured by first and only mortgage on the ENTIRE ROAD AND ITS EQUIPMENTS, and also, as fast as the Road is completed, on

23,000 ACRES OF LAND to every mile of track, or 500 Acres for each $1,000 Bond. They are exempt from U. S. Tax; Principal and Interest are payable in Gold; Denominations; Coupons, $100 to $1,000; Registered, $100 to $10,000.

LANDS FOR BONDS. Northern Pacific 7-30's are at all times receivable at TEN PER CENT. ABOVE PAR, in exchange for the Company's Lands, at their lowest cash price. This renders them practically *interest bearing land warrants.*

SINKING FUND. The proceeds of all sales of Lands are required to be devoted to the re-purchase and cancellation of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Company. The Land Grant of the Road exceeds Fifty Million Acres. This immense Sinking Fund will undoubtedly cancel the principal of the Company's bonded debt before it falls due. With their ample security and high rate of interest, there is no investment, accessible to the people, which is more *profitable or safe.*

EXCHANGING U. S. FIVE-TWENTIES. The success of the New Government 5 per cent. Loan will compel the early surrender of United States 6 per cents. Many holders of Five-Twenties are now exchanging them for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties, thus realizing a handsome profit, and greatly increasing their yearly income.

OTHER SECURITIES.—All marketable Stocks and Bonds will be received at their highest current price in exchange for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties. *Express charges* on Money or Bonds received, and on Seven-Thirties sent in return, will be paid by the Financial Agents. Full information, maps, pamphlets, etc., can be obtained on application at any agency, or from the undersigned.

FOR SALE BY **J. COOKE & CO.,**

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Financial Agents Northern Pacific Railroad Co.

By BANKS and BANKERS generally throughout the country.

ap15-1t

HOW TO BEHAVE.—"A Handbook of Etiquette, and Guide to True Politeness," 15c.; "The Model Letter-Writer," 15c.; "How to Talk and Debate," 15c.; "The Art of Ventriloquism, with Instructions for Making the Magic Whistle," 15c.; "Courtship and Marriage," 15c. Mailed. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey.

aug30-eowly

TO PHYSICIANS.

Gentlemen, we want to work in harmony with you. We have the same object in view—namely, the restoration of the sick. We use the same means, which is Medicine, but the ingredients that enter into the composition of our remedies, differ from those prescribed by the faculty—consequently one may fail when the other can cure. Now we claim that the **Samaritan's Root and Herb Juices,** will cure any case of Scrofula, Ulcers, Sores, Tetter, Blotches, Tubercles on the Lungs, or any disease arising from impure blood. And we are ready to prove it. We will furnish the remedy to you for the use of your patients, free of charge, until a *cure* is effected in each case—then we expect you to pay for the number of bottles used. Price $1.25 per bottle.

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PITTSFIELD, MASS.

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(ORGANIZED 1851.)

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1 annual payment will keep you insured 2 yrs. & 3 days
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3 " " " " " " 6 " " 27 "
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This protection applies to any age, and is expressed in every policy.

The Advantage of Such Protection.

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I have this day received (*at the New York Office of the Company, 271 Broadway, cor. Chambers Street,*) THREE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE DOLLARS, this being *the full amount* due to his widow, after deducting the overdue payments and interest.

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As your CASH DIVIDENDS INCREASE, the future payments which you make will gradually DECREASE.

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F. J. FOSS, & E. A. GAMWELL, 36½ Washington St., Boston, Massachusetts.
J. H. FRANCIS, & J. H. DASKAM, 171 Broadway, New York.
W. H. GRAVES, Cor. Eleventh and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
JENKINS & MASON, 249 River St., Troy, New York.
BINE & HILLMAN, 9 Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio.
F. D. MORRISON & BRO., Baltimore, Maryland.
L. S. TWOMBLY, 50 Exchange St., Portland, Maine.
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ap11-3teow

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dec24-6m

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mh 18-12t

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AGENTS WANTED We desire to leave one of our Lock Stitch Sewing Machines in every town as an advertisement. A special offer. Address, with stamp, UNION SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA. jan21-3m

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EVERYBODY READ THIS.—AGENTS WANTED, male and female, for an entirely new article universally used in every family, and never before introduced. For terms address, with stamp, J. W. FRINK & CO., Marshall, Mich. feb11-13t

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We will send a handsome Prospectus of our *New Illustrated Family Bible* containing over 200 fine Scripture Illustrations to any Book Agent, free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Phila. Pa. dec10-tf

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NEW LOAN

OF THE UNITED STATES.

IMPORTANT CIRCULAR.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1871.

Public notice is hereby given, that books will be opened on the sixth day of March next, in this country and in Europe, for subscriptions to the National Loan, under the Act approved July 14, 1870, entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," and the Act in amendment thereof, approved January 20, 1871.

The proposed loan comprises three classes of Bonds, namely:

First. Bonds to the amount of five hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Second. Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third. Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Subscriptions to the loan will have preference in the following order, namely:

First. Subscriptions that may be first made for five per cent. Bonds to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars; of which there will be reserved for twenty days, one-half for subscribers in this country and one-half for subscribers in foreign countries.

Second. Subscriptions for equal amounts of each class of Bonds.

Third. Subscriptions for equal amounts of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Fourth. Subscriptions for any five per cent. Bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

When a subscription is made, the subscriber will be required to deposit two per cent. of the amount thereof in coin or currency of the United States, or in Bonds of the class to be exchanged, to be accounted for by the Government when the new Bonds are delivered; and payment may be made either in coin or in Bonds of the United States known as FIVE-TWENTY BONDS, at their par value.

The coin received in payment will be applied to the redemption of five-twenty bonds, and the debt of the United States will not be increased by this loan.

The bonds will be registered or issued with coupons, as may be desired by subscribers. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000; and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or Designated Depositary of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under state, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The bonds will be issued at the United States Treasury, but the agents for the negotiation of the loan in Europe are authorized to make arrangements with subscribers for the transmission of the bonds to the agents through whom subscriptions may be received.

Subscribers in the United States will receive the new bonds of the agents with whom the subscriptions are made.

In the United States, the National Banks are authorized to receive subscriptions, and subscriptions may also be made at the office of the Treasurer of the United States, or of any Assistant Treasurer, or the Designated Depositaries at Buffalo, N. Y., Chicago, Ill, Cincinnati, Ohio, Louisville, Ky., Mobile, Ala., and Pittsburg, Pa.

The following banking houses are also authorized to act as agents in receiving subscriptions in the United States, viz:

NEW YORK CITY.

Austin Baldwin & Co
Baker & Kitchen.
A. Belmont & Co.
Blake Brothers & Co.
Brown Brothers & Co
Budge, Schiff & Co.
Cecil, Stout & Thayer.
John J. Cisco & Son.
Clark, Dodge & Co.
Henry Clews & Co.
Jay Cooke & Co.
Dabney, Morgan & Co.
Thomas Denny & Co.
Drexel, Winthrop & Co.
Duncan, Sherman & Co.
Fisk & Hatch.
Frank & Gans.
Gibson, Casanova & Co.
Glendinning, Davis & Amory.
Hatch & Foote.
W. T. Hatch & Son.
Edward Haight.
H. A. Heiser's Sons.
Howes & Macy.
James G. King's Sons.
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Leonard, Sheldon & Foster.
Maitland, Phelps & Co
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Reid, Lee & Content.
Security Bank.
J. and W. Seligman & Co
Sontter & Co.
Edward Sweet & Co.
Moses Taylor & Co.
Trevor & Colgate.
Turner Brothers.
Union Trust Company
Van Schaick & Co.
Vermilye & Co.
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PHILADELPHIA.

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C. & H. Borie.
C. Cambios & Co.
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Henry L. Fell & Bro.
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GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

Secretary of the Treasury

PROGRESS OF REDUCTION OF PUBLIC DEBT OF UNITED STATES.

	Maximum War Debt, July 31, 1865.	Debt at close of last Administration. March 4, 1869.	Present Outstanding Debt, March 1, 1871.
Five-twenty six per cent. stock	$606,569,500	$1,002,587,350	$1,424,098,000
Other six per cent. stocks.	302,301,042	283,677,400	283,676,100
Ten-forty five per cent. stock	172,770,100	194,587,300	194,587,300
Other five per cent stock	27,022,000	27,022,000	20,000,000
Three-year 7.30 per cent. notes	830,000,000		
Three year six per cent. notes	212,121,470		
Total funded	2,150,784,112	2,107,854,050	1,922,343,700
Greenback notes	$428,114,799	$356,021,073	$328,100,186
Greenback certificates	285,322,845	71,140,000	55,238,000
Gold certificates		29,775,580	29,857,560
Fractional currency	25,750,032	26,781,547	40,573,742
Past due notes and bonds	17,283,120	5,422,454	5,361,112
Total Treasury circulation	721,950,796	489,149,644	434,830,540
Less gold in Treasury	25,537,858	89,741,361	103,174,309
	696,412,938	400,399,283	331,656,237
Less currency balance	21,401,775	16,853,525	20,824,606
Net Treasury circulation	605,211,163	383,545,854	360,801,731
Total principal of debt	$2,755,996,275	$2,491,399,904	$2,283,145,431
Yearly interest, in gold	$84,419,626	$124,253,350	$113,194,949
Yearly interest in currency	67,412,423	2,134,270	1,657,140
Total amount of interest charge	151,832,051	126,389,550	114,852,089

mh18-3t

WIT AND HUMOR.

I Guess I'm the Man.

A farmer living in Oxford county, Maine, went down to a town not a thousand miles from Portsmouth, for the purpose of purchasing a yoke of oxen, as he had been informed that there was a lot of very fine stock for sale by one of the wealthy land owners of that place. Arriving in the best farming district of the Cumberland county town, our friend met a man driving an ox team, of whom he inquired:

"Can you inform me where Mr. Wall lives?"

"There is a number of Walls living around here. Which one do you wish to find?" returned the stranger, who was a stout-built, keen-eyed man, habited in homespun, but bearing in general appearance unmistakable tokens of ease and comfort, so far as finances were concerned.

"I don't know what his Christian name is," pursued our friend, "but he is the owner of some very fine oxen."

"Well," responded the stranger, "they all own pretty fair oxen."

"But the one I wish to find has oxen for sale."

"As for that, sir, I guess they'd any of 'em sell if they could only get their price."

"But," exclaimed the Oxford county man, "the Mr. Wall I wish to find is wealthy."

"Yes; well, I reckon there ain't any of them very bad off," replied the other with a nod.

"My Mr. Wall," continued our friend, hesitatingly, "has been represented to me as being a very close-fisted man, and not scrupulously honest in all his transactions."

With a curious twinkle in his eye, and a gentle pat upon the paunch of his near ox, he said:—"To tell the truth, sir, I guess they are a close-fisted set all round, and I never heard that honesty run in the family. Isn't there something else?"

"Yes," replied the searcher for oxen, desperately, "they say he has been caught in the act of robbing his own brother's chicken coop."

The stranger bowed and smiled.

"I guess I'm the man: come with me and I'll show you as fine a stock of cattle as you can find in the state; and if you know what oxen are, there is no danger of being cheated."

Fun in Court.

Those who rarely or never visit courts of law, and who imagine the judges to be austere men with the most dignified visages and presences, clothed in the gowns and wigs of office, will be somewhat surprised to learn that occasionally the judicial ermine is ruffled by a zephyr of real wit and humor, or scintillations of jovial fun in repartee between judges and counsellors.

A recent colloquy between a judge and an attorney is reported as follows:—

The attorney was arguing in favor of the proximity of a person's residence to a church, and the reasons adduced were, of course, such as are well known to all readers, when the judge interrupted him by saying:

"Mr. C., I think if you lived next door to a church for awhile, and experienced the petty annoyances consequent upon it, you would not argue so vehemently in favor of it."

Attorney.—I beg to disagree with your honor. I was born and raised in a parsonage, which was next to the village church, and the happiest days of my life were spent in that dwelling next to the church.

Justice S.—There is much truth in your remarks, no doubt, sir; but if you lived near a church now in your maturity, as I do now, I think you would experience some very unpleasant and annoying incidents occasionally. I can assure you, I find it disagreeable at times.

Attorney.—I have no doubt you do, your honor; but that is easily explained, I imagine, as your honor resides next to an Episcopalian church, and you are yourself a strict Presbyterian!

This witty rejoinder convulsed the entire court with laughter, in which all present joined heartily.

A Plain Proposition.

It is natural for man to indulge an appetite that affords him pleasure. So frequently in many cases has this been done, that what at first was innocent, by constant indulgence becomes vice. It has been so with Patrick O'Reardon, and he now puts in an appearance before a Justice on the charge of habitual drunkenness.

"You will persist in drinking, Pat," said the magistrate.

"Faith, you may well say that; I'd get thirsty if I didn't."

"Then you don't drink when you are thirsty, but only in fear that you may become so?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you think whiskey is better than water?"

"It's stronger, sir."

"But do you think it's as good?"

"O, yes, sir; *because you can mix them*, and the whiskey *kills the impurities in the water*."

"But what kills the impurities in the whiskey?" asked the Justice.

"Nothin' at all—*it does all the killin' itself*," he replied, triumphantly, and looked very much as if he had established a proposition that admitted of no denial.

A GENTLE PROPOSITION.—Charlotte Cushman once related to me the following anecdote:—She said a man in the gallery of a theatre (I think she was on the stage at the time) made such a disturbance that the play could not proceed. Cries of "Throw him over" arose from all parts of the house, and the noise became furious. All was tumultuous chaos until a sweet and gentle female voice was heard in the pit, exclaiming: "No! I pray you don't throw him over! I beg of you, dear friends, don't throw him over, but—*kill him where he is*."—*J. T. Fields*.

SMART BOY.—Janesville, Wisconsin, is noted for its smart boys. The latest story is told of a youth of six summers who was taken to task by his aunt for some supposed offence, which he persistently denied. "Now, Johnnie," said she, "I know your are not telling me the truth; I see it in your eye." Pulling down the lower lid of the organ which had well-nigh betrayed his veracity, Johnnie exultantly replied: "You can't tell anything about it, aunt; that eye always was a little streaked."

CHARITABLE.—Servant looks into the breakfast room—"Please, madame, there's a beggar in the kitchen wants something to eat."

Mistress.—"Give her the water in which the eggs were boiled, Bridget; it is quite nutritious."

AN OLD BOY.

GOVERNESS—"Why, Harry! Haven't you a kiss for Uncle Potter—and have not seen him for so long too?"

HARRY—"No, Miss Dorsale. *Men*—in America at least—don't go kissing each other."

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
Things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and I are out.
We who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness the rest of our natural life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan! it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us, we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man,
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me,
And we've agreed together that we can't never agree.
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper, we both had for a start—
Though we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in both flesh and bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was somethin' concerning Heaven—a difference in our creed.
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the thing at tea
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow:
She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the question was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsy quite another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and we neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed old cow was always a comin' up:
And so that Heav'n we arg'ed about no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and always the self same way;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say.
And down on us come the neighbors, a couple of dozen strong,
And lent their kindest service for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
With both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I've been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the Winter and Fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why then I went at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together, that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine,
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock, that she shall have her half:
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home.
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey should never want a home, if I was taken away.

There's a little hard cash, that's drawin' tol'rable pay;
Couple of hundred dollars, laid by for a rainy day,
Safe in the hands of some good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause, right there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see that you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much,
I know divorces is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such.
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young,
And Betsey was always good to me, excepting with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once, when I had a fever—I shall not forget it soon—
I was as hot as a basted turkey, and as crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by me, when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy, as any I've ever seen.
And I do not complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin' I'll call to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur:
That when I am dead at last, she bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maples I planted long years ago,
When she and I were happy, before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me,
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we would agree.
And if ever we meet in Heaven, I wouldn't think queer
If we loved each other better, for what we have quarrelled here.

Hinsdale, Mich.

The Marriage Outfit.

Old Deacon Brown started in life very poor. He married his wife, Susan, before the days of hoops, &c. They had been happy in their married life, and unto them was born a beautiful girl, whom they named Kate, who, of course, when she grew up, fell in love. Her choice was a poor but noble young man. The deacon and his wife had taught their child to choose for herself, but to do it wisely, and they were glad to see that she made choice of an estimable young man, their neighbor's son.

Now Kate took up a notion that she must have a great many articles for her marriage, and make a fashionable show of dress during the honeymoon, and as they lived in only a town, she wrote her father a note, requesting him to furnish her a considerable amount to buy her outfit, and stated in it that she expected she would have to send to the city to get all she needed, whereupon the old man made the following reply:

"Dearest Daughter:—As you are my only daughter, I may call you dearest, truly, for I love you very much. I have considered your note, and this is my reply: I am very sorry to find you possessing a weakness of most of your sex, viz: that you think you must have a large outfit for your wedding and honeymoon. When I married your dear mother she had but two calico dresses and other things to fit, and I really thought her, as I took her in her calico dress, the prettiest, sweetest girl in the land, and have never thought otherwise. She has made me a dear, precious wife, and been to me a helpmeet indeed. Now, my dear child, I will not refuse you what you ask, but my observation in life has convinced me that those girls who spend a heap of money to provide their outfits for marriage are generally sure to spend heaps of it afterward, and that often they keep their poor husbands' noses to the grindstone of misfortune and toil all their lives.

"A great many fine things for your wedding and its after incidents will make you no sweeter or prettier to your husband, and may make you a good deal *dearer* as to his pocket. If the man of your choice really loves you, as no doubt he does, it is not for what you have on, but for the qualities of your person, head and heart, and, as he is a man of sense, I have no doubt he will think more of you when he finds that you have not made any great preparations for your marriage. There are many gentlemen in this country, now worth their millions, whose wives, when they married, had no more than your mother. By this I do not mean that you should have no more, but your mother tells me that you now have five neat every day dresses and four Sunday ones, and really they are larger, finer and better than many millions of your sex are able to obtain.

"I make these suggestions for your consideration, but leave you to follow them or not, as your judgment may dictate; and to show you that this is the fact, I enclose you a draft of a thousand dollars on my cashier, which you may use at your pleasure.

"Affectionately yours,

"JOHN BROWN."

Kate did not long hesitate as to her course of action. Her mother gave her a few dollars of her pocket money, and she bought only a simple, plain white dress, and appeared in it at the altar, with natural flowers and her own loveliness for adornment.

She drew the amount of the draft in gold, and one month to a day after her marriage handed the amount to her husband, and accompanied the gift with these words:

"Dearest, I applied to my father for money to purchase what I supposed I needed for my marriage, and he wrote me this letter (handing it to her husband,) and enclosed in it the draft upon which I drew this thousand gold dollars, which I now present to you as the money saved by a victory over a foolish fashion. Have I done wisely?"

"You have, my blessed wife, and are a thousand times dearer to me by your better judgment."

It is needless to add that the husband of Kate is now worth many thousands of dollars—and in a delightful old age they often tell their friends and children of the thousand dollars at the foundation of it all.

THE HALCYON'S OR KINGFISHER'S NEST.—Professor Dunn, of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburg, examined the nest of the halcyon, kingfisher, or northern diver, and confirms the popular impression, that this bird of prey employs the bones of the fishes which he captures as material for constructing the lining of its nest. He says:—"It is evident that the bones of small fishes are as truly the lining of the nest, as feathers are of the nests of many other birds."

GOD checkers His providence white and black, as the pillar of cloud has its light side and dark. Look on the light side of thy estate. Suppose thou art cast in a lawsuit—there is the dark side; yet thou hast some land left—there is the light side. Thou hast sickness in thy body—there is the dark side; but grace is in thy soul—there is the light side. Thou hast a child taken away—there is the dark side; thy husband lives—there is the light side.

☞ There is no money in San Domingo. The national currency consists of rum, tobacco and dry goods. It is a poor place for counterfeiters.

☞ A fireman writes to the Treasury Department from Brooklyn, N. Y., enclosing one dollar in restitution for various little things filched from the government.

☞ It is most desirable that women should marry. Yet many women live single all their days, enjoy life, and do a deal of good in the world.

AGRICULTURAL.

Raising Corn.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We observe in a leading agricultural journal a statement that the main thing to insure a good crop of Indian corn, is to give the plant the right kind of a start. So far as our observation goes, there is no "main thing" in raising a good crop of this cereal. Everything should be attended to—manuring, composting, preparing the soil, selecting the seed, and cultivating the crop at all periods of its earlier growth, are equally important. Nothing grown on our farms requires more care and labor than this important crop, and nothing is more deserving of such attention. The farmer should remember that when he is raising corn, he is also, practically, raising pork, poultry, butter, eggs, and all that pays best in the market.

Raspberries.

There is nothing easier to grow than the raspberry, and of all our small fruits it is the most wholesome and to be preferred. The blackberry may be as wholesome when it is in perfection; but the strawberry, while it is a delicious fruit and chosen by many to all others, is positively injurious to a considerable proportion of persons. It contains an acidity of a very peculiar and powerful nature. It affects the blood and produces eruptions; and people subject to gout are prohibited from touching the fruit. Raspberries, on the other hand, are not merely innocious but they are extremely wholesome and can be eaten in any desired quantity.

Raspberry canes can be set out now at any time. They should be planted three feet apart in the row, and the rows three and a half to four feet apart. Cut down the canes to within six inches of the ground and set firmly. We prefer a rather moist spot for them, and if in the shade a portion of the day, so much the better. They can be planted under fruit trees, where scarcely anything else will grow, and the berry will be larger and finer. They like a cool, moist soil, kept so by liberal mulching with leaves, light manure, or any trash, and if a foot in depth it is an advantage.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

Ground Bones.

A correspondent asks, "For what crops are ground bones most valuable?"

There is scarcely any crop that is not benefitted by phosphate of lime, the chief constituent of bone. When dried, bones consist of about a third part of organic matter and two-thirds inorganic. The first is in the form of gelatine, chiefly, and that you know is highly nitrogenous. The inorganic part is mostly phosphate of lime, so that you have in bones both organic and mineral manures, the one class furnishing the soil with ammonia, and the other phosphoric acid.

Perhaps they are most valuable for the grain crops, Indian corn, &c., and the roots, as mangolds and swedes, but they are valuable for top-dressings for grass and pastures, especially old pastures, long fed by dairy stock and from which the phosphates have been removed in the milk, the bone and the flesh of animals.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

THE MIDDLE.

Enigma.

I am composed of 40 letters.
My 6, 1, 28, are the initials of a friend.
My 13, 26, 3, 17, 40, 37, 24, is a flower of the "Crowfoot" family.
My 31, 4, 20, 38, 11, was the goddess of fire.
My 8, 22, 34, 19, is a lovely flower.
My 23, 36, 5, 39, 16, 30, was a celestial deity.
My 20, 2, 29, 24, 38, 6, 32, 9, 33, 35, 15, 21, is a flower.
My 27, 7, 18, 37, 25, was goddess of hunting.
My 12, 10, 14, 26, is a girl's nickname.
My whole is a well known flower and its language.

U. C.

Cincinnati, O.

Riddle.

My first, loud chattering through the air,
Bounded 'mid tree-tops high,
Then saw his image mirror'd, where
My second murmured by.

Taking it for a friend, he strayed
T'wards where the stream did roll,
And was the sort of fool that's made
The first day of *my* whole.

Question on Time.

Thomas Dick, L.L. D., in his book "Celestial Scenery," says that the Tropical year of our planet, the Earth, is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 51 seconds. Now, supposing this is the true and exact time of one yearly revolution of our earth around the sun, and our almanac makers give us 365 days as a common year, adding in every fourth year one intercalary day, (thus making it a leap year of 366 days,) excepting that they drop this leap day again every hundredth year, not divisable by 4. (Retaining it every fourth century year.) Will this almanac-system of keeping up with time continue to hold out good? and if it does not, what will be the variation, one way or the other, in 4,000 calendar years?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A 4-pound ball is thrown vertically upwards from the earth to a height of one hundred feet, (no allowance being made for resistance.) It is required to find its momentum.

O. R. SHELDON.

Rockwood, Randolph Co., Ill.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a madman like two men? Ans.—He is one beside himself.

☞ Why are the candidates who fail to get elected like the world? Ans.—Because they are depressed at the polls.

☞ When is a ship like a pedestrian? Ans.—When she *runs* on shore.

☞ Why is a thunder-storm like an onion? Ans.—Because it is peal on peal.

☞ When is a gate not a gate? Ans.—When it's "to."

☞ Why is herb soup the best of all soups? Ans.—It is soup-herb (superb.)

Answers to Last.

RIDDLE.—March, Arch, Char, Arm, Car, Charm, Harm, Ram, Ham, Mar.

RIDDLE.—Farmer.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of Feb. 25th.—268.5312. O. R. Sheldon.

Answers to Hildebert Kobel's PROBLEM of Jan. 28th.—$14,652.00. Hildebert Kobel, D. Diefenbach, R. H. Young, Joseph Moore, Veritas. $732.60, daughter's share; 13,919.40, son's share. Geo. W. Bublette, O. R. Sheldon.

RECEIPTS.

CELERY SOUP.—Trim and wash two dozen heads of fine celery; split each in two, and put them to blanch in a large stewpan of water, with plenty of salt; when tender, let them drain on a sieve, and stir them over the fire, with about three ounces of butter, and a very little sugar and salt. When the butter begins to look clear, mix in a ladleful of very strong stock; when this has boiled for a few minutes, and the celery is perfectly mashed, stir in three tablespoonsful of stock, in which lean ham, butter, and mushrooms have been stewed. When this is well boiled, rub the whole through a colander; add a pint of rich stock, and about as much good cream. Put it into the soup-kettle, and half an hour before it is wanted, place it on the fire to boil, and skim it. Serve it with celery cut round, blanched and stewed.

ST. PATRICK'S SOUP.—Take one pound of meat without bones, and cut into small pieces; put into a stewpan two ounces of dripping, one ounce of leeks, one ounce of celery, one ounce of carrots, two ounces of turnips, and fry for ten minutes; then add the meat, with two ounces of salt, half an ounce of sugar, and *fry* until a thick glaze is produced; then add one quart of cold water, and half a pound of flour, a little mixed spice and pepper; boil three-quarters of an hour and serve.

FRICASSEE OF PARSNIPS.—Boil in milk till they are soft, then cut them lengthwise into bits two or three inches long, and simmer in a white sauce made of two spoonsful of broth, a bit of mace, half a cupful of cream, a bit of butter, and some flour, pepper and salt.

LEMON PUDDING.—Beat half a pound of butter to a cream, with half a pound of powdered white sugar, then add to it eight eggs well beaten, with the juice and grated peel of one large lemon; stir well. Line a dish with puff paste, fill it with the pudding and bake in a moderate oven. The dish to bake in should be an inch deep. It will be spoiled by baking in the least too much or not enough.

SUGAR PUDDING.—One quart of milk, one cup of flour, salt, seven eggs; bake one hour or more, and eat with sauce; rich cream sauce is very nice.